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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1845.

REVIEWS

Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III. By Henry, Lord Brougham. Knight & Co.

WHATEVER may be thought of the manner in which Henry Lord Brougham executes some of his many self-imposed tasks, nobody will deny his indomitable activity. His determination "not to waste, indolent and inactive, or enslaved by lower occupations," the excellent leisure which his retreat from public life afforded him, may well be, as it evidently is, no less a subject of self-gratulation. Whatever be his own feeling, the world in general is better pleased to see him thus employed, than in playing the political Jahnai, to the astonishment alike of friends and foes.

This volume is both a sequel and a companion to 'The Statesmen of George the Third's Age,' 'The Learned Men,' of whom it treats, covered the age of George the Third with greater glory, says his Lordship, than "the Statesmen and Warriors who ruled its affairs." Hence the view of "these great teachers" is "more full and elaborate" than in the former work.

And who are these great teachers? Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and Simson. Probably the list may be perused with surprise by most readers. They may think that the selection is not quite so judicious as it might have been,—that they should have been as well placed at least, if some names, which seem to have been unaccountably omitted, had been allowed to supply the place of one-half the above. They may be of opinion, too, that chemistry has more than its due share of representatives in Black, Priestley, Cavendish, and Sir Humphrey Davy (nearly one-half of the number), especially when the biographer himself cannot be supposed to possess a very deep acquaintance with the subject. With all possible respect for his various attainments, we may doubt whether he be much better qualified for such a task than he would be "to take the command of the Channel fleet." If he has all the versatility, we may suspect that he has at the same time all the boldness, of his quondam colleague; and, in spite of ourselves, we may infer that the late facetious canon of St. Paul's had him quite as much in view in some celebrated touches as the scion of the house of Bedford. And there are readers who may feel still greater surprise that in a work intended to illustrate the age of George III., three Englishmen only (Priestley, Cavendish and Davy,) should have a place. What have Johnson, and Gibbon, and Louth, and Paley, and Byron, and Coleridge, and Southey done, to be thus unceremoniously expelled from their rightful home? It may be (though we have no intimation to that effect) that his Lordship intends, in a future volume, to acknowledge their claims. Still, one ground of censure would remain,—that some of them have not already appeared, to the exclusion though it were of as many names somewhat strangely preferred to them.

But what is done is done. As it has pleased his erratic Lordship to make such a selection, we must deal with it as we find it.

On looking at the list of names actually inserted, some readers may be puzzled to conceive how 500 pages can do justice to them. They may think that the whole volume would hardly suffice for a life of Voltaire, or one of Rousseau, or even one of Hume. If space in biography were to be proportioned to the influence which men have exercised over society (and surely it

is the only wise or natural way of estimating them), who could avoid being surprised at the meagreness of such sketches? The author is not a bookseller's hack; his limits are his own: nor is he constrained by the *res angustæ domi* to follow, either as to limits or execution, any other direction than his own judgment. If he has given to some of his subjects a space so incommensurate with their importance, scarcely more ample indeed than is to be found in some biographical dictionaries, and has thus been reduced to barren generalities where we had a right to expect details and inductions from them, the fault is entirely his own.

Of the lives before us, the most important, by far, is that of Voltaire, which occupies considerably more than a fourth of the volume. Of this celebrated man, Lord Brougham justly observes, there is no life worthy the name. We are not to be surprised at this. In Voltaire, zealots saw the infidel only, and were at no pains to discover his real merits; while the freethinkers made it the almost exclusive theme of their notice—both neglecting, to a most inexcusable extent, the benefits which he conferred on the literature and science of his country. We say science; for though his mind was little qualified for analytical investigations, he comprehended them sufficiently to render our great Newton known to his countrymen. As the historian of philosophy, he will always rank high—but he has no claim to the merit of discovery.

Before Lord Brougham enters on the life of this celebrated man, he is desirous of proving that the subject is not so objectionable in a religious sense, as the public are apt to suppose:—

"It is evident," he observes, "that, strictly speaking, blasphemy can only be committed by a person who believes in the existence and in the attributes of the Deity whom he impugns, either by ridicule or by reasoning. An atheist is wholly incapable of the crime. When he heaps epithets of abuse on the Creator, or turns His attributes into ridicule, he is assailing or scoffing at an empty name—at a being whom he believes to have no existence. In like manner if a deist, one who disbelieves in our Saviour being either the son of God or sent by God as his prophet upon earth, shall argue against his miracles, or ridicule his mission or his person, he commits no blasphemy; for he firmly believes that Christ was a man like himself, and that he derived no authority from the Deity. Both the atheist and the deist are free from all guilt of blasphemy, that is, of all guilt towards the Deity or towards Christ."

This argument is not novel. Voltaire himself has adduced a similar one, to prove that there never was such a thing as idolatry. According to the latter, no people, however ignorant, confounded the statue or block with the being it was designed to represent. They knew all the time that they were kneeling before the representative, and not the thing represented: they were as much convinced, as any philosopher, that the figure before them was entirely formed of brute matter; and their petitions or thanksgivings were addressed to the being whom the statue represented—in whose existence they firmly believed, and who, at the moment, was either hovering around them, or if absent, was able to hear every word addressed to them. The worshippers, therefore, were not idolaters, because they paid no honour to the image otherwise than as the representative of some deity. We cannot, of course, enter into the events of Voltaire's life, or into an enumeration of the works which his prolific pen poured into the world. We can only slightly advert to some leading points of his conduct, and to his general character as a writer.

By nature, Voltaire was extremely sensitive—morbidly so; and an extraordinary portion of vanity being engrafted on this trunk, the cor-

responding fruits could not fail to appear. Strong in his attachments, but incomparably more so in his resentments, much of his life was passed in an agitation which true philosophy would have subdued. That he was a kind-hearted, liberal, and even generous man, is indisputable; and his conduct seems to have been tolerably free from reproach. So long as nobody contradicted him, or contradicted him only in disputation, and with due courtesy, he was an excellent friend and an unrivalled companion. There can be no doubt that he was liberal, not in words merely, but with his purse, whenever the necessities of others were brought under his notice. And he was an amiable man—a fact apparent enough from the sincere regard with which all, that knew him well, beheld him. In truth, there have been few men who possessed, in a higher degree, the better feelings of our nature. With great justice does the noble biographer observe: "His nature was open and ardent: he had the irritability which oftentimes accompanies genius, but he had the warm temperament, the generous self-abandonment, the uncalculating effusion of sentiment, which is also its usual attendant, and which sixty years' living in the world never cured—hardly mitigated—in Voltaire." His claim to this high praise cannot be disputed; indeed, if he had rendered no other service to humanity than his advocacy of the family of Calas, he would have done much to win our respect. But the merit of that noble stand against oppression in high places, was equalled by many other acts not less generous or less useful. Well does Lord Brougham say that "he was fond of assisting persons in distress, but chiefly young persons of ability struggling with difficult circumstances." For these and many other virtues, it is impossible to praise him too highly. His great defect, for which no warmth of heart or splendour of genius can atone, was the wantonness with which he assailed the religious opinions of others.

In regard to the works of Voltaire, they are confessedly unequal,—some being worthy of a place with the higher productions of human intellect, others scarcely rising to mediocrity—certainly not soaring above it. Let us examine him for a moment in each of the departments which his pen has illustrated.

For his dramatic efforts, Voltaire is more celebrated in France than for his other writings:

"It is certain that the tragedies of Voltaire are the works of an extraordinary genius, and that only a great poet could have produced them; but it is equally certain that they are deficient for the most part in that which makes the drama powerful over the feelings,—real pathos, real passion, whether of tenderness, of terror, or of horror. The plots of some are admirably contrived; the diction of all is pure and animated; in most passages it is pointed, and in many it is striking, grand, impressive; the characters are frequently well imagined and portrayed, though without sufficient discrimination; and thus often running one into another, from the uniformity of the language, terse, epigrammatic, powerful, which all alike speak. Nor are there wanting situations of great effect, and single passages of thrilling force; but, after all, the heart is not there; the deep feeling, which is the parent of all true eloquence as well as all true poetry, didactic and satirical excepted, is rarely perceived; it is rather rhetoric than eloquence, or, at least, rather eloquence than poetry. It is declamation of a high order in rhyme; no blank verse, indeed, can be borne on the French stage, or even in the French tongue; it is not fine dramatic composition: the periods roll from the mouth, they do not spring from the breast; there is more light than heat; the head rather than the heart is at work. It seems that if there be any exception to this remark, we must look for it in the 'Zaïre,' his most perfect piece, although, marvellous to tell, it was written in two and twenty days. In my humble

opinion, it is certainly obnoxious to the same general objection, though less than any of his other pieces; yet it is truly a noble performance, and it unites many of the great requisites of dramatic excellence. The plot, which he tells us was the work of a single day, is one of the most admirable ever contrived for the stage, and it is a pure creation of fancy. Nothing can be conceived more full of interest and life and spirit—nothing more striking than the combinations and the positions to which it gives rise, while at the same time it is quite natural, quite easy to conceive, in no particular violating probability. Nor can anything be more happy or more judicious than the manner in which we are, at the very first, brought into the middle of the story, and yet soon find it unravelled and presented before our eyes without long and loaded narrative retrospects. Then the characters are truly drawn with a master's hand, and sustained perfectly and throughout both in word and in deed. Orosman, uniting the humanized feelings of an amiable European with the unavoidable remains of the Oriental nature, ambitious, and breathing war, more than becomes our character, yet generous and simple-minded; to men imperious, but as it were by starts, when the Tartar predominates; to women delicate and tender, as if the Goth or the Celt prevailed in the harem; unable to eradicate the jealousy of the East, yet, like an European, too proud not to be ashamed of it as a degradation, and thus subduing it in all instances but one, when he is hurried away by the Asiatic temperament and strikes the fatal blow, which cannot lessen our admiration, nor even wholly destroy our esteem. The generous nature of Nour-estan and Lusignan excites our regard, and, perhaps, alone of all the perfect characters in epic or in dramatic poetry, they are no way tiresome or flat. But Zaire herself, unlike other heroines, is, if not the first, at least equal to the first, of the personages in touching the reader and engaging his affections. Nothing can be conceived more tender; and the conflict between her passion for the Sultan and her affection for her family, between her acquired duty to the crescent and her hereditary inclination to the cross, is most beautifully managed."

We see no reason to dispute the justice of this criticism. It is certainly founded in truth, though we all feel that it may be somewhat too laudatory.

The preceding observations respect the tragedies of Voltaire. His comedies will not for a moment bear comparison with them. They are, we think, below mediocrity.

As an historian, Voltaire is not worthy of the high praise which Lord Brougham bestows upon him. Thus of his 'Charles XII.' we are told that "it has the great merit of a clear, equitable, and interesting narrative, apparently collected from good sources, and given with impartiality." It may be rather termed a romance; for it has not half the relation to true history which Scott's 'Ivanhoe' has to the reign of Richard I. Surely his Lordship could not be ignorant of the contempt with which the dethroned king of Poland, Stanislas, invariably spoke of that performance, even to the author himself: "How can you, M. de Voltaire, expect from me any praise of a work which everywhere outrages the truth? As a witness in most, and an actor in many, of the scenes you describe, I do not hesitate to characterize your book as equally worthless and impudent!" The 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' is not much better. In every page it bears the impress of a mind more disposed to discover brilliant points, than to speak, much less to search for, the truth. Like the 'Charles XII.' it is a perpetual aim after effect,—to display the writer more than the subject. The 'Pierre-le-Grand' has many of their faults, without their brilliancy,—with scarcely a touch of the fascinating charm which renders the history of the Swedish hero at least so inimitable. His 'Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations' is, beyond doubt, a work of much higher pretensions than the preceding. By Lord Brougham it is said to be "of all his writings the most valuable, and

perhaps the most original." But his Lordship has more respect than we have for what is termed the philosophy of history, which Lingard rightly denominates "the philosophy of romance." The value of works written in such a spirit would indeed be great, if sufficient attention were paid to facts. That reasoning which is not based on certain, undoubted details, is worth nothing: it must necessarily mislead. And this is the grand fault of all the system of historical generalization that we have seen from Voltaire to Guizot. It is easy to generalize,—far easier surely than to collect genuine details, and draw inferences from them. In the former case, the invention only is consulted: the latter involves a drudgery to which few men will subject themselves. In our opinion Lingard, when his professional prejudices do not interfere, is the model of an historian. He gives just as many of the prominent facts as may justify the general inferences which he draws from them. But after all, it may be doubted whether the best way of writing history be not in the form of annals,—like that of Lord Hailes, or rather like that of one immeasurably superior to his lordship, the juriconsult Pfeffel. We, at least, have long been of opinion that his 'Nouvel Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire et du Droit Public d'Allemagne,'—a work so highly praised by Gibbon—has not, either for equality or criticism, been surpassed, or even equalled by any historical composition, whether of antiquity or of modern times. It is certainly not the most attractive in form,—we mean to the generality of readers—but its vast utility will be acknowledged by all writers on German history.

As a novelist, or we should rather say as a writer of philosophic sarcasm, Voltaire has never been equalled:—

"The best of the Romances are 'Zadig,' one beautiful chapter of which our Parnell has versified and improved in his 'Hermite'; the 'Ingénue'; and, above all, 'Candide.' Some are disposed to place this last at the head of all his works; and even Dr. Johnson, with all his extreme prejudices against a Frenchman, an unbeliever, and a leveller, never spoke of it without unstinted admiration, professing that had he seen it, he should not have written 'Rasselas.' It is indeed a most extraordinary performance; and while it has such a charm that its repeated perusal never wearies, we are left in doubt whether most to admire the plain, sound sense, above all cant, of some parts, or the rich fancy of others; the singular felicity of the design for the purposes it is intended to serve, or the natural yet striking graces of the execution. The lightness of the touch with which all the effects are produced—the constant affluence of the most playful wit—the humour wherever it is wanted, abundant, and never overdone—the truth and accuracy of each blow that falls, always on the head of the right nail—the quickness and yet the ease of the transitions—the lucid clearness of the language, pure, simple, entirely natural—the perfect consciousness of diction as well as brevity of composition, so that there is not a line, or even a word, that seems ever to be superfluous, and a point, a single phrase, sometimes a single word, produces the whole effect intended; these are qualities that we shall in vain look for in any other work of the same description, perhaps in any other work of fancy. That there is a caricature throughout, no one denies; but the design is to caricature, and the doctrines ridiculed are themselves a gross and intolerable exaggeration. That there occur here and there irreverent expressions is equally true; but that there is anything irrereligious in the ridicule of a doctrine which is in itself directly at variance with all religion, at least with all the hopes of a future state, the most valuable portion of every religious system, may most confidently be denied."

But with all our admiration of the genius and wit contained in this most brilliant performance, we cannot deny the justice of Madame de Staël's observations upon it. She compares its author to an ape, laughing at all the evils, physical or social, of this world,—as one without human

sympathies, and ridiculing their very existence.

As a critic Voltaire ranks high,—at least, where his prejudices or personal antipathies do not interfere. As a poet, we are by no means disposed to place him so high as Lord Brougham has raised him. Of the 'Henriade,' the best of his epic performances, we may allow that, to a certain extent, "it is beautifully written,"—with "fine descriptions,"—with "brilliant passages of a noble diction,"—with "sentiments admirable for their truth, their liberality, their humanity;" but still it has little deserving the name of poetry. This, indeed, is allowed by the biographer, who, however, is much too laudatory as to the merits it may really possess. If it has some fine descriptions, assuredly it does not abound with them: it is often dull, prosaic, painfully slow in dragging its monotonous length along. We see the rhetorician everywhere,—the poet scarcely anywhere. We cannot discover the reasons for Lord Brougham's admiration in some couplets which he has extracted. To us most of them appear unnatural, and nearly all borrowed, though altered for effect, after the author's peculiar manner. But however doubtfully we may speak of Voltaire as a poet, we have no doubt whatever that the mere elements of poetical criticism have yet to be learned by Lord Brougham.

On the philosophical works of Voltaire we shall express no opinion, lest we should be tempted into the very fault for which we have reproached the biographer,—that of deciding on subjects which we do not sufficiently understand. Of his letters it may be said, that they are brilliant enough; though they inspire us with less interest than we should have expected,—probably from their local and temporary nature.

As there are many false impressions abroad as to the last days of Voltaire, we extract Lord Brougham's brief account of them, which we have reason to believe substantially correct:—

"While in his last illness the clergy had come round him; and as all the philosophers of that period appear to have felt particularly anxious that no public stigma should be cast upon them by a refusal of Christian burial, they persuaded him to undergo confession and absolution. He had a few weeks before submitted to this ceremony, and professed to die in the Catholic faith, in which he was born—a ceremony which M. Condorcet may well say gave less edification to the devout than it did scandal to the free-thinkers. The curé (rector) of St. Sulpice had, on this being related, made inquiry, and found the formula too general; he required the Abbé Gauthier, who had performed the office, to insist upon a more detailed profession of faith, else he should withhold the burial certificate. While this dispute was going on, the dying man recovered, and put an end to it. On what proved his real death-bed, the curé came and insisted on a full confession. When the dying man had gone a certain length, he was required to subscribe to the doctrine of our Saviour's divinity. This roused his indignation, and he gave vent to it in an exclamation which at once put to flight all the doubts of the pious, and reconciled the infidels to their patriarch. The certificate was refused, and he was buried in a somewhat clandestine, certainly a hasty manner, at the monastery of Scellières, of which his nephew was abbot. The bishop of the diocese (Troyes) hearing of the abbé's intention, dispatched a positive prohibition; but it arrived the day after the ceremony had taken place."

So much for Voltaire, whose life is by far the most important in the volume.

Of Rousseau the biographer's account is in the last degree unsatisfactory, and for this plain reason—he does not comprehend his subject. A mind, indeed, so peculiar and so extraordinary as Rousseau's,—perhaps the most extraordinary that has ever been enclosed in a human frame,—cannot be appreciated by one reared in legal subtleties, and rendered, by habitual sarcasm,

impenetrable our nature who attempt to in which the subtle ridiculous knowledge the most genius ability are debilitated—in w source, missed a de Lordship velle H flourish Warbur ready d a thing whole affords have u dangers should ter. Si of this beauties one of t tions t Nobody of the usages were so of our s aures ou unacco "All memoirs already i and very piece, which t sially p pure. A Geneva place, b he writ French even of and dro man wh shows n of his o gave in imparting his own tire some genius, no com tures; y by the n which t every st mical classical —so ex accom —that t miracles ject is n from th opinions enchain ever w subject frequent fitted to aversion great m to the n tion of most na language can take

impenetrable to the metaphysical influences of our nature. He must be a bold man, we think, who attempts an analysis of such a character; in which contradictions so often meet,—in which the sublimely pathetic is associated with the ridiculously affected,—in which the deepest knowledge of the human heart is degraded by the most pitiable ignorance of life,—in which genius of the very highest order, and a susceptibility of feeling inherent in such genius only, are debased by the most grovelling selfishness,—in which sentiments worthy of an angelic source, so soft, so pure, so holy, are rapidly dismissed to make way for a disgusting sensuality or a demoniacal boast. However lightly his Lordship may speak of such works as the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' he cannot deny its unrivalled influence over the heart. A work, which enchanted Warburton and Hurd; which made ladies, already dressed for the ball, forget there was such a thing as the ball, and caused them to sit the whole long night, fascinated by the views it affords of the mysteries of the affections, must have uncommon attractions. We admit its dangers,—that it is the last book which a parent should place in the hands of either son or daughter. Still less can we defend the 'Confessions' of this wonderful writer,—wonderful alike in his beauties and defects. We allude to it merely as one of the most remarkable philosophic productions that the human mind has ever devised. Nobody has equalled Rousseau in the philosophy of the feelings. For him the conventional usages of society had no charm, because they were so many masks invented for the disguise of our sentiments. Here Lord Brougham measures out to him a portion of justice which he unaccountably denies him in his other works:—

"All Rousseau's works, except his posthumous memoirs, the 'Confessions,' we have had occasion already to consider. But that is, beyond any question, and very much beyond any comparison, his masterpiece. There is no work in the French language of which the style is more racy, and, indeed, more classically pure. But its diction is idiomatical as well as pure. As if he had lived long enough away from Geneva to lose not only all the provincialisms of that place, but also to lose all its pedantry and precision, he writes both with the accuracy and elegance of a Frenchman, and with the freedom of wit and of genius, even of humour and drollery—yes, even of humour and drollery; for the picture of the vulgar young man who supplanted him with Madame de Warens shows no mean power of caricature; and the sketches of his own ludicrous situations, as at the concert he gave in the Professor's house at Lausanne, show the impartiality with which he could exert this power at his own proper cost and charge. The subject is often tiresome; it is almost always his own sufferings, and genius, and feelings; always, of course, but of that no complaint can be justly made, of his own adventures; yet we are carried irresistibly along, first of all by the manifest truth and sincerity of the narrative which the fulness of the humiliating confessions at every step attests, and then, and chiefly, by the magical diction,—a diction so idiomatical and yet so classical—so full of nature and yet so refined by art—so exquisitely graphic without any effort, and so accommodated to its subject without any baseness,—that there hardly exists another example of the miracles which composition can perform. The subject is not only wearisome from its sameness, but, from the absurdities of the author's conduct, and opinions, and feelings, it is revolting; yet on we go, enchained and incapable of leaving it, how often so ever we may feel irritated and all but enraged. The subject is not only wearisome generally, revolting frequently, but it is oftentimes low, vulgar, grovelling, fitted to turn us away from the contemplation with aversion, even with disgust; yet the diction of the great magician is our master; he can impart elegance to the most ordinary and mean things, in his description of them; he can elevate the lowest, even the most nasty ideas, into dignity by the witchery of his language. We stand aghast after pausing, when we can take breath, and can see over what filthy ground

we have been led, but we feel the extraordinary power of the hand that has led us along. It is one of Homer's great praises, that he ennobles the most low and homely details of the most vulgar life, as when he brings Ulysses into the swineherd's company, and paints the domestic economy of that unadorned and ignoble peasant. No doubt the diction is sweet in which he warbles those ordinary strains; yet the subject, how humble soever, is pure unsophisticated nature, with no taint of the far more insufferable pollution derived from vice. Not so Rousseau's subject: he sings of vices, and of vices the most revolting and the most base—of vices which song never before came near to elevate; and he sings of the ludicrous and the offensive as well as the hateful and the repulsive, yet he sings without impurity, and contrives to entrance us in admiration. No triumph so great was ever won by diction. The work in this respect stands alone; it is reasonable to wish that it may have no imitators."

That this criticism is very eloquent and very just, is undoubted—indeed, it is the best piece of criticism in the whole volume. But still it is insufficient. Rousseau is not to be judged by established canons. Though his heart partook of the same common nature as our own (differing only in the intensity of its feelings), his mind, his habits, his whole character was *sui generis*. Though we are unable to comprehend him, we see also that others are not more fortunate than ourselves. It would, indeed, require something like inspiration to enter into his peculiar conformation; and we shall not be so presumptuous as to attempt it.

Of Hume, the philosopher and historian, Lord Brougham writes candidly, and, for the most part justly—so far as he could in limits so inadequate to the subject. The known partialities of the writer are not forgotten. But there is no allusion to another species of dishonesty,—in citing authorities which were never consulted. This is the greatest blemish in Hume; and, unfortunately, it is less generally known than it ought to be. Yet Priestley pointed it out, and in very strong terms, long before the death of Hume. Popular as his extensive work has long been, it is nearly valueless to any inquirer after truth. The bulk of it was evidently derived from half-a-dozen modern historians; and the pompous array of authorities is merely an imposition on the easiness of mankind. Nothing, indeed, can more forcibly illustrate the want of research so characteristic of our age, and the age preceding, as the popularity of this history. If ever the day should come when our ancient chronicles should be thought worthy of publication in a cheap form, from that day Hume will be hissed with contempt from the station which our ignorance has so long assigned him. Research and fidelity are the first duties of the historian; and where they are wanting, no spirit of philosophy, no elegance of diction, no refinement of taste, can make amends. These last qualities Hume possesses in an eminent degree; but they are the adjuncts, not the essentials, of history. Educated in the school of Voltaire, he preferred speculation to facts. Hence his generalizations, like those of his great master, should always be received with suspicion.

On the life of Robertson, Lord Brougham dwells with a fondness which his descent from that historian, and his boyhood recollections, may well justify. There can be no doubt that the divine is far superior to the philosopher in most attributes of the historian,—the only character in which we view them in the present article. Robertson had all the patience of research and all the calmness of investigation demanded by his task; while his fidelity was as unimpeachable as his other good qualities. Not that he is without errors, and those of some magnitude; but these are never wilful; and

they are traceable to that speculative generalization which we have condemned in Hume and Voltaire.

In looking at these histories, we are again painfully reminded of one immeasurably their superior—our countryman, Gibbon. Why, we repeat, is he omitted? Or, if it is intended to bring him forward at a future opportunity, why is he postponed? But we know not, after all, whether the omission is much to be regretted. The vast erudition and the disciplined powers of this greatest of historians are beyond the reach of his Lordship's estimate.

At the remaining lives, which occupy a very small space, we shall not even glance, simply because we do not feel qualified to pass judgment on their merits; and if we did, our limits would not permit us. We suspect, however, that the biographer is not much better qualified than ourselves for the discussion of such subjects; and we cannot help lamenting that his ambition to shine as an universal genius leads him into paths which he would have done better to avoid. We might repeat our surprise at finding some of the names in such a collection and by such a pen; but we have long ceased to wonder at the appearance of comets. We should not be surprised if he were to publish a treatise on chemistry himself, and in his own opinion leave all preceding writers (to use an Hibernicism) far behind him. But we take our bow at parting from him in the best possible humour. Whatever we have said of the volume before us, we readily admit that it is a useful addition to our popular literature,—though much less useful than we had a right to expect from the author's fame. But when he next writes for the people, we hope that the price of his publication will not place it beyond their reach. Though a guinea may not be too much for such a volume (royal octavo, with plates), it is certainly too much for the only class of readers that can be benefited by the work. It has no information for the scholar, or even the ordinary man of reading; and we know of no class for which its execution and price adapt it, save our aristocracy.

The Local Historian's Table Book, of Remarkable Occurrences, &c., connected with the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham. By M. A. Richardson. Vols. II. and IV. J. R. Smith.

THE contents of these volumes are of so miscellaneous a character—the compiler being evidently determined to "put down in his book" everything which had any, even the remotest, connexion with his subject—that they become amusing on this very account. Thus, in the portion dignified by the title of "the historical division," the doings of the moss-troopers and stalwart borderers having been disposed of in former volumes, we arrive at the year of grace 1829, and such information as this—"About three hundred members of the Loyal Standard Association, North Shields, preceded by a band of music, flags, &c., attended divine service on the 1st of January," or "this day the Lumley Castle Archery Club held one of their meetings, and the medal was won by Miss Greenwell," and with notices too of such moving incidents as that of the late Lord Durham being abused by a drunken man, and the panel of Lady Londonderry's carriage rudely broken by a careless postillion! Such an historical register may have charms for the good people of Durham and Northumberland, but we suspect for few beside.

The volume which bears the title of the "legendary division," although sadly deficient in arrangement and careful selection, presents, however, some subjects of interest to "Southrons," as well as to those for whom it is more

especially intended, for it is a collection of ballads, some few ancient, though many more are modern legends, some peculiar to Northumberland, and others, belonging to our common Teutonic or Celtic stock, and of superstitions, peculiar usages, and proverbs, current still, or very lately, among the inhabitants of Durham and Northumberland. Among the ballads we have that of 'Lord Bierchan,' more popularly known as 'Lord Bateman,' travestied and illustrated by Cruikshank, but which is here given more correctly than by Jamieson or Chambers, and its claims as an *English* ballad are fairly made out. Another ballad entitled 'The Death of Parcy Reed,' professedly "taken down from the chanting of an old woman named Kitty Hall," seems to us a genuine relic of old times; but of the remainder, most are modern, or have so small an admixture of the original version as to be of little value to the antiquary. The popular legends offer nothing peculiarly distinctive. The fancied abode of King Arthur in the cavern at Sewingshields is but another version of a fable, which is told and still believed in Wales and Bretagne, although the locality is changed; while the incident of the horn and sword lying on the table before the entranced monarch, and the witless shepherd failing to break the spell, because he unsheathed the sword instead of blowing the horn, is familiar to all our readers who are acquainted with old romance.

The legends respecting the fairy folk are much the same as those in other parts of England, except that the fairies of Northumberland appear to have been of a more accommodating character than the Southern fairies:—

"They kept up more or less a continual intercourse with human beings; and were even so very correct in their dealings, particularly in a domestic point of view, that they acquired the general designation of the 'good neighbours.' They sometimes came even to houses, and asked for employment—for flax to spin or other work of a similar description; and on obtaining it, they never failed to perform their engagements both speedily, and so as to afford the employer the utmost satisfaction. They were also much addicted to borrow such articles as are chiefly required about a house—meal, for instance, kitchen utensils, &c., and always observed the greatest punctuality in making honourable restitution. It seldom occurred that, in any request of this kind, they met with a refusal; and indeed if they did, ample vengeance was sure to descend on whoever manifested such churlish conduct. They had also their feasts. A story is told of a person coming upon them when they were about to partake of one: they invited him to stay, and his welcome was most cordial. The viands were excellent, but had a singular flavour about them, such as he never before experienced, and which he could not possibly describe."

The Northumbrians also believed most religiously in the doctrine of "changelings," and that grown-up persons slumbering within the boundary of the fairy-ring were liable to be spirited away. The "winning them back," it is believed, must take place within a year and day, and upon the eve of Holy-rod day (14th September). This is a peculiarity, because in all other references to this Celtic belief, it is curious to observe how the sacred nights of that ancient people—New Year's-eve, Mayday-eve, Midsummer's-eve—are assigned as the periods of special fairy influence. The following superstition seems peculiar to Northumberland:—

"To request a light on the morning of the New Year is held, by those retentive of old scruples, as a most portentous omen. Several will not, for any consideration, even allow a borrowed fire to proceed on their dwellings. And to justify their firm persuasion, they will adduce such connections of premises in conclusion, as the following. At a farm house, careless servant, neglecting to perform the curfew rites to the fire on the old-year's night, had to be

obliged to her neighbours, before it would kindle in the morning. Her master apprised of the fatal omission, predicted some unforeseen evil would be the consequence, and accordingly, *some time after*, two valuable cows perished,—strangled at the stake! About A.D. 746, it appears from a letter of St. Boniface to Pope Zachary, condemnatory of the sanction given to pagan festivities, that 'at Rome on New Year's day, no one would suffer a neighbour to take fire out of her house, or anything of iron, or lend anything.' (Hospinian, *apud* Brand. Pop. Antiq. I. 9.) Boniface has written epistles, and Zachary fulminated in vain as regards this practice in Northumberland, and we are informed, that the good dames of Lanarkshire in Scotland persist with equal pertinacity to oppose the long-recorded *dicta* and decrees of that illustrious diumvirate. * * Among the Celtic tribes, the great festival of *Bealtine* was annually celebrated with solemn pomp, at the vernal equinox,—the commencement of their year. On that eventful eve the fires on every hearth throughout the land were quenched, and not until the lurid fire of Baal glared from the sacred mountain, were they permitted to be rekindled with fire derived exclusively from that pure flame, of which the Druids were the consecrated guardians. If any individual repaired not to the hallowed circle, but was indebted for a supply to the embers of his neighbour, the awful doom of excommunication awaited him—devotion to the undying element whose efficacy he had contemned. It might be that deeply fixed impressions of that night of bondage may have left traces that still endure, in the superstitious dread of strange or *Borrowed fire*."

Among the harvest observances, the following, which we should almost believe to be one of the very few customs transmitted from the Romans, and to have reference to the procession of the statue of Ceres, is worthy of notice:—

"This is the *corn-baby* or *kirn-dolly*, an image formed from a quantity of corn, selected from the field last to be cut down, and prepared some time previous to the day of harvest home. Its size is that of a full grown female. The spikes of grain being arranged in a bunch, are firmly compressed and tied where they unite with the stalks, to form the head and neck. Upon its head is placed a muslin cap, such as country maidens delight to exhibit themselves in on holiday occasions, and a white muslin smock, trimmed with ribbons and top-knots enow, being fitted over the straw, it at length assumes an infinitely more gracious semblance to humanity than does an Otaheitan divinity. The longest fork shaft procurable, being thrust up through it, ensures a desired facility of transport from landing to landing, or if business press—for its being stationed statue-like at the head of the field."

The last handful of corn is the object of eager competition, for the maiden who obtains it will be the first to be married. The procession is then formed, and the last business before leaving the field, is "to shout the kirn":—

"This consists in the rapturous outburst of the congregated multitude in one united and long prolonged acclaim. In some localities, the shout is preceded by a rhyme apposite to the occasion, recited by the clearest voiced individual of the company. The following specimen of it has often awakened the echoes on the green banks of the Wansbeck.

'Blessed be the day our Saviour was born;
For Master 's corn's all well shorn,
And we will have a good supper to night,
And a drinking of ale, and a kirn! a kirn! ahon!'

All uniting at the close in a simultaneous shout. Those ungenerous individuals who refuse to participate the general joy, by joining in the huzza, have their ears properly 'clobbered,' that is sensibly lengthened, by means of a not very smooth process. In the fertile flats of Glendale, a somewhat abbreviated version of the harvest rhyme is in use.

'The master's corn is ripe—and shorn,
We bless the day that he was born,
Shouting a kirn! a kirn! ahon!'

The labourers on adjoining farms, if within hearing, often take up the jovial shout of jubilee, and speed to more remote districts the tidings of good news. The procession home is now marshalled. The musi-

cian, with many a flying favour, strides in front. Then comes the corn-baby on its pole; with the heroine of the day, bearing over her arm, neatly plaited, the talisman of her fortunes. Behind, troop the obstreperous multitude. On arriving at home, the thrilling shout is again raised, the last cut is consigned to the hands of the master, and the fiddler choosing his station, a country-dance is struck up on the sward before the door of the 'Ha,' in which, in presence of master and mistress, as if anticipating the evening's revels, both lad and lass bounce lustily, 'with no lead on their heels.'

There is a curious and rather large collection of proverbs. Many of them are, however, as current in Middlesex as in the northern counties. They have mostly reference to the weather, and its influence on agricultural pursuits, and prove that "Murphys" were not wanting during the middle ages.

The following we do not recollect to have heard before; they are, however, very old, for some time since we met with them at the British Museum, in a manuscript at the very latest of the fifteenth century. It proves the wide diffusion of this species of popular information to find them in a northern collection:—

If new-year's eve night-wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If east, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold, and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit,—
If north-east, flee it man and brute.

If St. Paul's day* be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
But if by chance it then should rain,
It will make dear all kinds of grain;
And if the clouds make dark the sky,
Then next and fowls this year shall die;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.

At a period when old customs, old stories, and "old saws," are so rapidly passing away, we welcome whatever efforts are made to rescue them from oblivion.

The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes. By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vol. II. Colburn.

THE second volume of this carefully and conscientiously edited publication embraces the three years from the commencement of 1795 to the close of 1797; a period not including any of those grander and more conspicuous achievements which are the red-letters in the calendar of the hero's life,—but an amount of daily service and action, such as requires perhaps higher qualities than furnish the arrangements of some great fight, and a ceaseless pressure upon those seemingly minor events which gradually prepare, nevertheless, and finally issue, in such brilliant results. The main interest of these letters, beyond their use as historical documents, continues to consist in their perfect exhibition of character. Never was moral portraiture more complete or unreserved; and rarely has a restless and aspiring spirit existed in connexion with such transparency of intention and straightforwardness of action. In all the plausibilities of his profession militant, Nelson had the most undoubting faith; and of his own power to achieve, under their sanction, he seems at no time to have harboured such a thing as a misgiving. Difficulties lost the monster-character, which is a part of their force, in his steady and sanguine view of them; and impossibilities were, in his estimation, things impossible. If his imagination were less "apprehensive of a world of figures" than that of Hotspur—if he did not go all the length of reckoning it—

—an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive unto the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,—

on any shore washed by that deep, or lighted by that moon, he was prepared to seek her, with the certainty of finding,—and sure of his result, under any event that might—

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple!

His love of fame and desire to be doing were a positive *hunger*—and provided an uneasy seat for those of more cautious or timid temperament than his own, whom the service made his chiefs. It is impossible not to see, in this correspondence, that some of those had glory actually thrust on them by the importunities of the impatient spirit with whom they were in connexion. It was sometimes a consequence of this goading, that others reaped the rewards which, of right, were due to him; and, indeed, the strange neglect to which he too often found himself surrendered, even after his great character had been firmly established and his claims to attention were well understood, all but threw him out of an ungrateful service more than once. After the siege of Bastia, for instance—which was undertaken on his ceaseless prompting, and made successful by his sleepless vigour and determination—he thus complains to Mr. Suckling:—"I have got upon a subject near my heart, which is full when I think of the treatment I have received. Every man who had any considerable share in the reduction, has got some place or other—I, only I, am without reward. The taking of Corsica, like the taking of St. Juan's, has cost me money. St. Juan's cost near 500*l.*; Corsica has cost me 300*l.*, an eye, and a cut across my back; and my money, I find, cannot be repaid me. Nothing but my anxious endeavour to serve my country makes me bear up against it; but I sometimes am ready to give all up."

It is curious, in truth, to observe by how many dissuasive arguments Nelson was met, and all but turned back, on his upward path to fame—yet how the irrepressible vocation triumphed over all. A feeble body and sickly constitution were, from his very boyhood, opposed to the suggestions of his daring spirit; and the severe warnings of disease, more than once, in after life, all but deprived the country of the future services of her great admiral, and the treasure of his imperishable renown. From absolutely quitting the navy, in disgust at the treatment he received, he seems, as we have hinted, at various other times of his life, to have been deterred only by a prophetic faith in his own high destinies, which never left him;—not that sort of morbid and mystic belief which led Napoleon to refer his fortunes to the influence of his star—but a confidence arising out of the sense of power, which only awaited its opportunities, and was certain of the issue. "Pity!"—said he to one of his officers, who used that phrase, in reference to some of his annoyances,—“Pity, did you say? I shall live, Sir, to be envied!” “I am now only a captain,” said he, on another occasion, “but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree.” “Never mind!”—again said he, on an occasion when he had not been mentioned in the Gazette as prominently as he deserved—“Never mind! I will, one day, have a gazette of my own.” This steady conviction arose, as we have said, merely out of a determination, on which he knew he could rely, to seize the occasion whenever it might present itself. He never experienced what timidity or hesitation was, or suffered his opportunity to pass away, from any apprehension of responsibility to himself. “I wish,” said he, in one of his letters, alluding to Admiral Hotham's action, in 1795, “to be an admiral, and in the command of the English fleet; I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition

cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our fleet, on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape.” “What the event would have been,” says Mr. Southey, “he knew, from his prophetic feeling, and his own consciousness of power; and we also know it now, for Aboukir and Trafalgar have told it.” “We must be contented; we have done very well,” said Admiral Hotham, on the occasion of the same victory. “Now,” says Nelson, writing to his wife, “had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done.”

It was another consequence of this great sea-captain's passionate desire for reputation, acted on by the exceeding frankness of his nature, that he found a consolation for some of the wounds inflicted by the neglect of others in his own self-appreciation,—and was at no time wanting to the duty of self-assertion, from an apprehension that he might be thought to boast. He took the measure of his own value unhesitatingly, and proclaimed it loudly. “Opportunities,” he says, writing of himself, “have been frequently offered me, and I have never lost one of distinguishing myself, not only as a gallant man, but as having a head; for of the numerous plans I have laid, not one has failed (this was in 1796, and before Teneriffe); nor of opinions given has one been in the event wrong.”—“Had all my actions,” he says to his wife, “been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long Gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field for [of?] glory, be kept out of sight. Probably my services may be forgotten by the great, by the time I get home; but my mind will not forget, nor cease to feel a degree of consolation and of applause superior to undeserved rewards. Wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps. Credit must be given me, in spite of envy. Even the French respect me. * * * I am known throughout Italy; not a kingdom or state where my name will be forgotten. This is my Gazette.”

So constant and open and unqualified is this expressed estimation of himself, that if the many passages in which it appears were detached from this body of letters, that testify of his prodigious services and uniform frankness of utterance, it would take the character of vanity, and affect the reader like a disagreeable weakness in a nature of such lofty aims. In this collection, with the whole man, his heart and his doings, before us, it shows as strength of character. His claims of the kind are at all times supported by such an unprecedented amount of action and aspiration, that every such demand for their acknowledgment is very heartily received by us, as the manly language of a gallant spirit, conscious of desert and resolved to right itself. It was the same, too, for others as for himself:—and, while he had no respect for any claims which were not so based, he had an utter and generous impatience of any false distribution of the rewards of merit. To Sir John Jervis, in 1797, when he was a rear-admiral, he writes:—“Your encouragement for those lieutenants who may conspicuously exert themselves” (Jervis had declared that the lieutenant who had the greatest merit in taking a brig, should be made captain of her immediately), “cannot fail to have its good effect in serving our country; instead of their thinking that if a vessel is taken, it would make the son of some great man a captain, in the place of the gallant fellow who captured her.” From no step of the ladder of the service, even the highest, did Nelson ever overlook the gal-

lantries performed at its foot; nor, determined as he was to insist upon his own services, would he consent to any recognition of them that excluded any man who had a right to share. These are the secrets which made Nelson the idol of the seaman's heart, heightening his admiration by love, and helping his love by admiration. By qualities such as we have alluded to, he purchased the name which, so long as the language of England shall endure, and wherever the sea on which he rode triumphant shall wait it, shall be known as, in the combination of all that constitutes the perfect chief, the greatest of the world's naval heroes. All these traits are brought out, in this collection, with a vividness and minuteness which no biography of selection can convey; and though the future volumes have to deal with more exciting topics, probably no part of the whole “eventful history” will yield a better lesson to the officer, than the record of these three years,—of the energy, watchfulness and enterprise by which, in troubled times like those out of which the genius of Nelson arose, the foundations of a great name are to be laid, or of many of the qualities by which, in any times, the love that should follow it is to be secured.

In 1795, when the present volume commences, Lord Hood had been replaced by Admiral Hotham in the Mediterranean; and Nelson was with the latter, when the Toulon fleet put to sea. In a partial engagement which took place between the two fleets the *Ca Ira*, 84, and the *Censeur*, 74, struck to his ship, the *Agamemnon*, after a gallant fight; and it was on this occasion, when Nelson proposed to the Admiral that the rest of the enemy's fleet, which had made sail, should be pursued, that he complained of Hotham's refusal in the words which we have already quoted.—Of this “brush,” as he calls it, he writes to his brother, as follows:—

“Fortune in this late affair has favoured me in most extraordinary manner, by giving me an opportunity which seldom offers of being the only Line-of-Battle Ship who got singly into Action on the 13th: when I had the honour of engaging the *Ca Ira* absolutely large enough to take the *Agamemnon* in her hold. I never saw such a Ship before. That Being who has ever in a most wonderful manner protected me during the many dangers I have encountered this war, still shielding me, and my brave Ship's company. I cannot account for what I saw: whole broadsides within half-pistol shot missing my little Ship, whilst ours was in the fullest effect. The French Captain has paid me the highest compliments—much more flattering than my own Fleet; they must have been true. We killed on board the *Ca Ira*, on the 13th, one hundred and ten, whilst on seven were slightly wounded on board *Agamemnon*. On the 14th, although one of the Van-ships, and close Action on one side and distant Action on the other for upwards of three hours, yet our neighbour suffered most exceedingly, whilst we comparatively suffered nothing. We had only six men slightly wounded. Our sails were ribbons, and all our ropes were ends. Had our good Admiral have followed the blow, we should probably have done more, but the risk was thought too great. If you see Host father in your travels, I beg you will say what a good young man—I love him dearly, and both him as Josiah” (Mrs. Nelson's son by her former marriage “are as brave fellows as ever walked.”)

About this time, Nelson was made Colonel Marines; and soon afterwards sailed with a squadron of frigates, to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian armies in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa. In this line of service, all his exertions were thwarted as is well known, by the incapacity or insincerity of those with whom he had to act; but it is this period of his services, including the blockade of Leghorn, the capture of Porto Ferrajo at that of the island of Capraja, and the evacuation of Corsica,—though they do not furnish us with

any remarkable novelty for extract—that we would refer the unprofessional reader, who may desire to learn by what a life of daily enterprise and anxiety were filled up the intervals of those great naval victories, whose names occupy the prominent place on the page of ordinary history, and whose memory makes up the popular figure of Nelson's glory. Genoa having finally declared for the French, and Corsica been evacuated by the British, Nelson hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Minerve* frigate, Capt. George Cockburn; and sailed, with a convoy, for Gibraltar, and from thence westward, in search of Sir John Jervis, who had now assumed the command of the Mediterranean fleet—and had the great merit of early discovering the genius of Nelson. It is at this period of his life that the interest of Nelson's history begins to deepen, from the grander scale on which his qualifications for a leader were about to be displayed. The events, themselves, are quite familiar. It is well known that, during the harassing service in which he had been engaged, his restless spirit had been tormented with the apprehension lest a general engagement should take place before he could join. But off the mouth of the Straits, he fell in with the Spanish armament, and conveyed the intelligence to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St. Vincent. Before sunset, the signal was made for action; and at day-break, the rival fleets were in sight of each other. Without following more particularly the manoeuvres of either, our readers may be reminded that Nelson, by a bold disregard of the orders of the Commander-in-Chief (justified only by the emergency and the event) contributed largely to the success of that great day. Sir John Jervis having driven through the enemy's fleet, before they could form a line of battle, and cut off nine of their ships, directed his attention to the main body, still superior in number and metal to his whole fleet, and made the signal to tack in succession. But Nelson, who was in the rear of the British line, in the *Captain*, to which he had shifted his flag, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind, with the intention of forming their line, and either rejoining their separated ships or escaping an engagement. With that decision, therefore, which was the remarkable point in his character, he disobeyed the Admiral's signal; and ordering his ship to be wore, came at once into action with the *Santissima Trinidad*, 126, *San Josef*, 112, *Salvador del Mundo*, 112, *San Nicolas*, 80, another first-rate and a seventy-four, name unknown. Troubridge and Collingwood followed the daring movement; and the result was, that two of these ships struck, two were boarded by Nelson and gallantly carried; and a victory was finally achieved, which placed an Earl's coronet on the brow of Sir John Jervis—but half the honour of which is fairly due to him, who, at his own peril, and against orders, planned and executed the movement that gave half the enemy's vessels into his power. To Collingwood, who, from his boyish years had followed Nelson, step by step, up the ladder of the service, with a love and admiration that never faltered—and was destined to do so to the last,—he wrote, next day, as follows:—

"Irresistible, February 15th, 1797.

"My dearest Friend,—A friend in need is a friend indeed," was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday in sparing the *Captain* from further loss; and I beg, both as a public Officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed, by letter to the Admiral, to represent the eminent services of the Excellent. Tell me how you are; what are your disasters? I cannot tell you much of the *Captain's*, except by note of Captain Millars, at two this morning, about sixty killed and wounded, masts bad, &c. &c. We shall meet at Lagos: but I could not come near

you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in nearly a critical situation. Believe me, as ever, your most affectionate HORATIO NELSON."

To this Collingwood replied:—

"Excellent, 15th February, 1797.

"My dear good Friend,—First let me congratulate you on the success of yesterday, on the brilliancy it attached to the British Navy, and the humility it must cause to its Enemies; and then let me congratulate my dear Commodore on the distinguished part which he ever takes when the honour and interests of his Country are at stake. It added very much to the satisfaction which I felt in thumping the Spaniards, that I released you a little. The highest rewards are due to you and Culloden; you formed the plan of attack,—we were only accessories to the Don's ruin; for had they got on the other tack, they would have been sooner joined, and the business would have been less complete. We have come off pretty well, considering: eleven killed, and fourteen wounded. You saw the four-decker going off this morning to Cadiz,—she should have come to Lagos, to make the thing better, but we could not brace our yards up to get nearer. I beg my compliments to Captain Martin: I think he was at Jamaica when we were. I am ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours, C. COLLINGWOOD."

Notwithstanding the extraordinary share which Nelson had in the achieving of this great victory, and the almost fabulous daring of his exploit, no mention of his name was made in Sir John Jervis's dispatch to the Admiralty. The facts were too notorious and remarkable to escape due publicity; and some partial amends were even made to Nelson in Jervis's private letter to Earl Spencer, the First Lord:—but we will take, as a specimen of Sir Harris Nicolas's excellent notes, that which he has appended on this occasion:—

"No one can read that Letter without being surprised that the paragraphs at its commencement, respecting Captain Troubridge and Commodore Nelson, did not find their proper place in the Public Dispatch. Even in this Private Letter only one of the Flag Officers is praised for his conduct in the Action, and he merely for 'having made his signals in a very Officer-like manner.' This withholding of praise is the more remarkable, from Lord St. Vincent having, on other occasions, in his Dispatches, expressed his admiration of gallantry and good conduct in the strongest, and sometimes in extravagant terms. Sir John Barrow, one of the Secretaries to the Admiralty, (whose authority on such a point is very high,) states, that 'It is known that in Jervis's original letter, he had given to Nelson all due praise, but was prevailed on by Sir Robert Calder, the Captain of the Fleet, to substitute another in which it was left out, on the ground that as Nelson had disobeyed the signal of recall, [the signal to tack,] any eulogy on his conduct would encourage other Officers to do the same, while the exclusive praise of one individual would act as a discouragement of the rest;' and Sir John Barrow very justly adds, 'The surprise is, that a man of Lord St. Vincent's sagacity should not have detected the lurking jealousy that gave rise to such a recommendation.'—(*Life of Admiral Earl Howe*, p. 249.) The surprise is, however, still greater that a man so pre-eminently distinguished for firmness and self-government as Lord St. Vincent, should have yielded to a recommendation to act unjustly, not to Nelson only, but to his Admirals, and to the Captains who had so highly distinguished themselves. This surprise will be increased, when it is remembered that, 'after the battle, Sir John Jervis received Nelson on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, took him in his arms, said he could not sufficiently thank him, and insisted on his keeping the sword of the Spanish Rear-Admiral which he had so bravely won.'—(*Brenton's Life and Correspondence of the Earl St. Vincent*, vol. i. p. 313; and see p. 346, post.) Another of Lord St. Vincent's biographers relates a piquant, and, for the reason afterwards stated, an important anecdote of the Admiral and his First Captain: 'In the evening, while talking over the events of the day, Captain Calder hinted that the spontaneous manoeuvre which carried those *duo fulmina belli*, Nelson and Collingwood, into the brunt of battle, was an unauthorized departure of the

Commodore from the prescribed mode of attack! 'It certainly was so,' replied Sir John Jervis, 'and if ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also.' The flattering reception which, immediately after the Action, Sir John Jervis had given to the Commodore, is well known.'—(*Tucker's Memoirs of Earl St. Vincent*, vol. i. 262.)

On this occasion, Nelson received the Order of the Bath—having been advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral before the victory was known in England. Tributes, too, enough to gratify his craving for applause, poured in on many sides; out of which we will select for quotation a very beautiful and characteristic effusion from Lady Parker, the wife of a naval veteran, his early patron, Sir Peter Parker, then an admiral of the white, and Commanding in Chief at Portsmouth:—

"Portsmouth, 15th March, 1797.

"My dear Nelson,—I cannot let Sir Robert Calder sail from hence without writing you a few lines. There are no expressions in the English language, that I am acquainted with, equal to convey the idea which I have of your gallant and meritorious exertions in your Country's cause upon all occasions. Your conduct on the memorable 14th of February, a proud day for Old England, is above all praise; it never was nor ever can be equalled. All that I shall say is, that your mother could not have heard of your deeds with more affection, nor could she be more rejoiced at your personal escape from all the dangers to which you were exposed on that glorious day. Long may you live, my dear Nelson, an ornament to your Country and your Profession, is the sincere wish of your old commander Sir Peter and myself, and every branch of our family. Pray offer my most affectionate regards to your truly able and gallant Commander-in-Chief; he shall henceforth be my Valentine. I must request you also to remember me to dear, good Collingwood, in the kindest manner; I am very happy at the glory he has gained: remember me also to George Martin, and the whole of the invincible Fifteen that I have the honour of knowing. God bless you, my dear Nelson, your affectionate and sincere friend, MARGARET PARKER."

Having shifted his flag to the *Theseus*, Sir Horatio was employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz,—where he nearly lost his life in a desperate affair with gun-boats: and in the disastrous expedition against Teneriffe,—which cost him his right arm. So constantly, indeed, was Nelson's person exposed, and so many were his hurts, in consequence, that it might have been regarded as a miracle if he had, after all, died anywhere else than in battle. The remainder of the dispatches in this volume relate to these two events; but can add nothing on subjects all whose incidents are so familiarly known. The deep despondency with which he was at first afflicted, for the loss of his arm—under an idea that his wound flung him out of the service whose very element of danger had now become a moral necessity to him—may be judged by the following letters to Sir John Jervis:—

"*Theseus*, July 27th, 1797.

"My dear Sir,—I am become a burthen to my friends, and useless to my Country; but by my letter wrote the 24th, you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the World; I go hence, and am no more seen. If from poor Bowen's loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it; the Boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the Mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate, to convey the remains of my carcass to England. God bless you, my dear Sir, and believe me, your most obliged and faithful, HORATIO NELSON.

"You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt."

"*Theseus*, August 16th, 1797.

"My dear Sir,—I rejoice at being once more in sight of your Flag, and with your permission will come on board the *Ville de Paris*, and pay you my respects. If the *Emerald* has joined, you know my wishes. A left-handed Admiral will never again

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he considered as useful, therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve the State; but whatever be my lot, believe me, with the most sincere affection, ever your most faithful, HORATIO NELSON."

Lord St. Vincent's letter, in reply, gave all the encouragement and consolation in his power:

"Ville de Paris, 16th August, 1797.

"My dear Admiral,—Mortals cannot command success; you and your Companions have certainly deserved it, by the greatest degree of heroism and perseverance that ever was exhibited. I grieve for the loss of your arm, and for the fate of poor Bowen and Gibson, with the other brave men who fell so gallantly. I hope you and Captain Fremantle are doing well; the Seahorse shall wait you to England the moment her wants are supplied. Your Son-in-law is Captain of the Dolphin Hospital ship; and all other wishes you may favour me with shall be fulfilled, as far as is consistent with what I owe to some valuable Officers in the Ville de Paris. We expect to hear of the Preliminaries of Peace being agreed on, every hour. I have betted 100*l.* that they were settled on or before the 12th, and that the Definitive Treaty is signed before that day month. Give my love to Mrs. Fremantle. I will salute her, and bow to your stump, to-morrow morning, if you will give me leave. Yours, most truly and affectionately, Sr. VINCENT."

The annoyance which this event gave him, and the long sufferings which were its consequence, were further soothed by the honours that fell thick upon him, on his return to England. Crowds poured out to gaze on him, cities transmitted their freedom, and he received a pension of 1000*l.* a year. The memorial which, as a matter of form, it was necessary that he should present, on the occasion, to the King, exhibited the following extraordinary enumeration of services performed during the war. It stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and three actions with frigates—in six engagements against batteries, and ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; that he had served on shore with the army four months—and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; that he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; that he had been actually engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times; and had lost, in the service, his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body!—Of the more accidental shapes in which his fame returned to him, we will quote a pleasing instance from the Nelson Papers; which we think is equally honourable to the hero and to his correspondent, Lord Loughborough:—

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor.

"141, Bond-street, October 12th, 1797.

"My Lord,—In addressing a letter to you some persons may think me wrong, and that I ought to have chosen the interference of a friend; but, feeling a conviction that if what I have to ask is proper for your Lordship to grant, that I require, on the present occasion, no interest but your own opinion of my endeavours to serve the State, I therefore enclose my request, which if your Lordship has the goodness to comply with, will be a small provision for the youngest son of my venerable father, and a lasting obligation conferred upon Your most obedient servant, HORATIO NELSON."

The request was, that the Chancellor would give his youngest brother, the Rev. Suckling Nelson, one of the livings held by his father, on his father's resignation of it. Lord Loughborough's answer was as follows:—

"Sir,—You have judged perfectly right in the mode of your application to me. Any interference would have much diminished the satisfaction I feel in acknowledging the perfect propriety of your request, and the just title your great services have

gained to every mark of attention which, in the exercise of a public duty, it is in my power to express. Yours, &c., LOUGHBOROUGH."

As we are now approaching that period of Nelson's life, the interest of which is not only heightened by the excitement of his grander exploits, but deepened by subjects of a more melancholy character, we will express a hope that the editor will not consider himself at liberty to adopt the authority, or example, of Mr. Southey, for garbling or suppressing anything, from tenderness to his hero, or out of a fanciful homage to morality. The cause of morality is best served by truth; and the hero, to whom the full meed of his greatness is paid, is not entitled also to an historical remission of his weakness or his sins. The faults of public men are as much the property of the public as their virtues; and the writer who draws a veil over the former, for the sake of the latter, introduces a principle of dangerous example. To a collection like this, nothing should be wanting, which may help us to a true appreciation of the man, in his strength and in his weakness. The characters of history—almost the best of them—are for warning, as well as for example; and in the face of notorious facts, to withhold the warning while exalting the example, is to absolve the sin by all such authority as the historian may happen to possess. After all, among heroes of his class, there are few who had so little that needs concealment, or so much on which a biographer may expatiate with love and pride, as Nelson. We want to know all the history of his heart and life, with the same minuteness and fidelity with which this collection has, so far, taught them. To an editor of Sir Harris Nicolas's stamp, however, we are well assured such a warning as this cannot be necessary:—the principles of editorship which he has avowed are in harmony with our own sentiments on the occasion. In the preface to the present volume, Sir Harris, while acknowledging his obligations to the many who have freely placed at his disposal the materials in their power towards the completeness of this publication, exposes the names, too, of those who have, churlishly or courteously, withheld them. This we hope he will continue to do; that the public may know the men, and judge their motives, who oppose themselves to the perfecting this important record of England's great Sea-Captain.

American Facts. Notes and Statistics, &c. of the United States of America. By G. P. Putnam. Wiley & Putnam.

American Factories and their Female Operatives, &c. By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., Vicar of Bradford. Longman & Co.

THE first of these works has been written, or rather compiled, with the avowed purpose of defending the United States against the attacks of English tourists and newspaper writers. Mr. Putnam's right to do so nobody will dispute; and certainly nobody will be surprised that he has chosen to exercise it,—for his country has been the subject of the grossest vituperation. But it is unfortunate for him, that in almost every page he betrays too much of the special advocate. Though he admits some of the charges against his native institutions, he does so for the most part with reluctance, and only to a partial extent; while he carefully refrains from noticing what he must know to be the most objectionable features of those institutions. And where he has reason to praise, he is not satisfied with moderate terms; he sees only perfection where other people would barely commend. In this, as in other cases, we must apply the golden mean,—rejecting alike the malignity of the one party and the vanity of the other.

On the accuracy of the statistical tables given

by Mr. Putnam, (which form so considerable a portion of his book, and which are derived from the 'American Almanac,' and other easily accessible sources,) no comment need be made. They speak for themselves; and they exhibit a progress in national prosperity unexampled in the history of the world. About these there can be no dispute. But it does not follow that the prosperity of individuals is commensurate with that of the commonwealth at large. A nation may be very flourishing, yet the bulk of its population poor. It is just so with the United States. Though native produce is abundant, and the people generally have more than sufficient of the mere necessities of life, beyond a few of the Atlantic cities there are no comforts, simply because there is no money to purchase them. If the *summum bonum* consisted in an exhaustless supply of materials for our animal nature, the republican might justly pride himself on the superiority of his advantages. But if happiness includes something more than a profusion of eatables and drinkables, (which, by the way, are generally of the worst possible description on the Transatlantic Continent,)—if it involves some degree of intellectual refinement, and some familiarity with civilized comforts,—if it partly depend, too, on such physical considerations as soil, and, above all, climate,—the European—at least, he who is elevated in the social scale above the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, has little reason to envy the republican.

To illustrate one of these points:—In these tabular computations, which are so flattering to men who place all greatness in a rapidly-augmenting population, in an immense amount of agricultural produce, and in an extraordinary extension of commerce, we should have been glad to see a very different one,—one stating the average duration of life throughout the Union. When we are invited to contemplate the superior advantages of America, it would be only fair to inform us how long we may reasonably expect to enjoy them. But bills of mortality are not likely to find their way over the Atlantic. They would speak more emphatically than all the tables that have been compiled, or all the volumes that have been written, about the New World. What is the average proportion between American and English life? This can be only matter of conjecture, even with individuals who have seen most of the country; but from the inquiries we have made, we suspect the per-centage of mortality would be enormously great against the former country. It might be instructive, too, if we could learn the relative proportion of health between the two. If we are not much mistaken, the healthy days of the Englishman double those of the American in a given number of years. We could dwell at some length on this subject, which, in our opinion, is far more important than what number of bales of cotton is annually exported from the Republic. In a long reign a celebrated caliph of Cordova could enumerate only fourteen days of happiness. We fear that in so long a period many settlers in America could scarcely number as many days entirely free from bodily ailments. There are, of course, some districts incomparably less fatal than others; but the best will scarcely bear comparison with the worst in England.

Again, Mr. Putnam makes out a considerable list of Literary Institutions, Libraries, &c. If their utility generally corresponded with their number, we should be as glad as Mr. Putnam himself; for it is our duty, as it is our delight, to hail in every country the intellectual progress. But such Transactions as we have seen, and such lectures as we have read, would scarcely be tolerated here: and as to the libraries, nine-tenths of them consist of the most ordinary works. In regard to the college professors, they are so wretchedly paid, that there is no great inducement

ment to strive after eminence. The few men who have attained it have succeeded, not by favour of the institutions, but in spite of them. And in regard to literature, we are much less disposed to join in the unqualified praise of Mr. Putnam. If there are a few good names, what proportion do they bear to the whole? Learning, in its highest sense, is comparatively unknown: in a respectable sense (using the word in its European acceptance), it is by no means common. This is not meant as censure. Every candid mind must allow, that if the republic has not reached the literary level of England, Germany, or France, she has come nearer to us than we had any right to expect. All new countries are too much engrossed by material wants to have leisure for the intellectual. As yet there is no class in America answering to that of our gentry, or men of fortune. Intellectual refinement follows in the train of luxury. There must be easy circumstances and uninterrupted leisure, before application to learning can either be general or successful. Considering their position, the Americans have done wonders, though nothing like what their own vanity would have them believe.

Mr. Putnam is extremely sensitive to the reproaches which Reputation has brought on his country. No wonder. Every honourable republican must blush at the bare mention of the word. But it is unfair to confound the innocent with the guilty. We are too apt to forget that each State is sovereign within itself, and that the people of New England or New York are no more to blame for the dishonesty of Philadelphia or Mississippi than the people of New Spain.

The second book at the head of this article is not without its interest. It is the production of a benevolent man, who has seen with his own eyes, and who has therefore a right to speak. The extremely favourable opinion which he gives us, in confirmation of Miss Martineau and others, of the factory girls in New England, and especially at Lowell, is extremely gratifying in itself, but painful indeed, when contrasted with those of our own manufacturing districts. How it is that the former are almost invariably distinguished for cleanliness, moral purity, and mental acquirements, while the latter are notoriously the reverse, is one of the problems which, however difficult of solution, (at least, to indolent or hasty inquirers,) are not insuperable. With all his pride, John Bull would do well to learn from the despised Jonathan. There is nothing in the moral nature of the New England females to raise them above the old English: it is the culture, and not the soil that makes the difference. Place the rising generation in the midst of moral contagion, without devising checks on its exercise, and ruin will infallibly follow: place them in circumstances favourable to virtue, and virtue will be the result, so surely as the shadow follows the substance. The causes of the surprising superiority of the American over the English girls must be traced to the superior virtues of the schoolmaster and the clergyman, and still more, perhaps, to the influence of example. From its first dawn of reason, a New England child sees no drunkenness, no quarrelling at home, but an extremely careful regard to the decencies of life. As soon as its legs can carry it, it goes with its parents to some place of worship, and the habit is retained through life. Contemporaneously with the habit, is the instruction derived from the parents, the schoolmaster, and the minister; and all three unite in the common labour of forming the future character. "The universal prevalence of education among all classes, connected with the general respect for the Bible and religion," is one of the causes assigned by Dr. Scoresby; and the good vicar is no less right when he includes superiority of

wages as another cause. A third is to be found in "the watchful consideration and moral care taken for the young women by their employers." At Lowell, for example, the overlookers are all married, (there was but one exception last year, and he was about to be) and selected for their previous regularity of conduct. As a body, it is confidently affirmed, "they will challenge comparison with any class of the community in all the sterling requisites of character." Contrast them with the dissipated, ignorant, brutal tyrants in many of our factories, and then, if we have any good feeling left, we shall be less severe on the Yankees than we have been. The evil in England is indeed of so complicated a character, that there is great difficulty in dealing with it. The first remedy is certainly not to diminish the hours of labour: at present, the moment the factory closes for the evening, the men (young and old) fly to the ale-house; and if they are turned out a couple of hours earlier, they would betake themselves to no other place. Provide innocent amusement (if combined with instruction all the better), and give them a relish for it, before you shorten their daily tasks. Whether much, if any, good is to be done with the confirmed sots may justly be doubted; but the young may be brought nearer to virtue, if suitable legislative enactments are adopted. Until this foundation is laid, Lord Ashley, we fear, is only wasting his time and that of Parliament; and, what is worse, he is raising in the minds of the operatives expectations which never can be realized with advantage to themselves, their employers, or the community at large.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Battle Cross: a Romance of the Fourteenth Century, by John Brent, 3 vols.—*The Blacksmith's Daughter: a Historical Novel*, by the Author of 'Walter Clayton,' 3 vols.—Pins in a row are hardly more alike than the historical romances issued by Mr. Newby. It would almost appear as if the "Mortimer," were destined "to take up the wondrous tale" of the "Minerva" press. Save that the "field of Otterbourne" is brought into the 'Battle Cross,' and the times and the names are somewhat different, (a Cumberland armorer being called *Herman Mercer*), the new tale might have been interleaved with 'The Ward of the Crown.'—*'The Blacksmith's Daughter'* is a novel of the Low Countries, of the troublous times of 1536, which put an end to the prosperity of the rich city of Ghent. It has more force and colour than some among its contemporaries; and sundry passages, owing, probably, to the scenery of the adventures and events, reminded us of Mr. Colley Grattan's best Flemish novels.—But since the latter were published, much writing has destroyed our interest in the manufacture. Week after week do fictions come before us, which, thirty years ago, would have earned for their authors profit and reputation, but which now can hope for a position little more distinguished than the lining of Mr. Goldthumb's trunks. Yet 'Cecil's' lamentation that the days of the novel have passed away, is not justified. It is rather that pretences will no longer pass for realities. We need but point to the welcome held out to foreign fiction,—to 'The Chimes' sold by tens of thousands,—to prove that the present neglect which awaits imitative mediocrities, has nothing to do with what is new, or real; and, since on the present occasion, we have but to choose betwixt one form of truism and another, we prefer, for the hundredth time, putting these common-places on paper, to detailing the worn-out incidents of the romancer's common stock when unredressed as in the pair of works before us, by originality or vigour, character, or felicity of style.

St. Patrick's Eve, by C. Lever; illustrated by Phiz.—A tale with a moral, namely, "prosperity has as many duties as adversity has sorrows,"—and ornaments arabesque and picturesque, to relieve the pages between the frontispiece and imprint. The Irish humour and blarney are of the approved sort, and the interest and feeling of the story well

preserved and well intended. The blessings of local residence are painted in forcible colours,—but we fear that the absentee landlords of Ireland are not to be reached by fiction. Besides, are they not also the victims of a system?

On the Discovery of the Mississippi, and on the South Western, Oregon, and North-Western Boundaries of the U.S., by T. Falconer.—An interesting account of M. Cavelier de la Salle, whose discoveries in North America led to the colonization of Mississippi, by the French, opens this small, but instructive volume. Some papers of his are also here first published, and which set at rest the speculations concerning the object of his travels. We have so lately argued the questions discussed in this volume [*Ath.* Nov. 889 and 893], that it is not needful for us to examine Mr. Falconer's statement; which, however, is the most satisfactory and complete as well as the most concise (a great but rare merit indeed) which has appeared.

The Bokhara Victims, by Captain Grover.—This work contains a minute account of the exertions of Captain Grover to obtain the release, if living, or to ascertain the fate, if dead, of Lieut.-Colonel Stoddard and Captain Conolly. There is but little information in it which was not known before in broad outline, and the tone and temper in which it is written is not altogether to our taste. But the conduct of Captain Grover has been throughout generous and noble; and he and Dr. Wolff will long live in our memories for their disinterested exertions and noble self-sacrifice.

Rural Sketches and Poems, chiefly relating to Cleveland, by J. W. Ord.—Here we have descriptive sketches, travelling memoranda, and occasional verses, of which the author says modestly, that they "are mere local records of love." The humble pretensions here put forth would shield any work from censure; in this instance, however, the work is entitled, on its merits, to take a respectable rank among publications of its class.

A Voice from Ireland; a Poem, by T. Flanagan.—A plea for the Irish peasant in heroic verse, containing more truth than poetry. The purpose, however, is good, nor can the manner be pronounced naught, the verse being tolerably correct; but such means will go but a little way in promoting the desirable reforms advocated therein.

Sanctæ Vigiliæ, by the Rev. C. D. Strong, M.A.—These are further entitled 'Devout Musings on the Heavens, in Verse,' and present a poem, with notes, of no little pretension on the score of learning, science, and piety. But alas! these qualifications are all thrown away; for the gods, when they made our Oxonian astronomical, neglected to make him poetical; and accordingly, the ambitious stanzas before us exhibit all the "contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."

Era Astrea, or the Age of Justice, by D. Bain.—This is an ode to Her Majesty, preceded by a long Address on the condition of public affairs. The author's prose is better than his verse, and his matter and subject better suited for the former than the latter. If he will forgive us for denying to him the character of a poet, we will readily acknowledge him a sincere, and earnest, if not profound thinker on the present state of society and politics.

The Maniac Improvisatore, and other Poems, by W. Hurton.—We have seldom met with a poetaster so confident and so weak. He who attempts verse should at all events know something of Grammar; particularly when he threatens the reader with "a poem of size" hereafter. Quality should precede quantity.

'Vestiges of Natural History of Creation': its argument examined and refuted, by S. R. Bosanquet, Esq.—The title explains the character of the work. Our opinion of the 'Vestiges' is on record [*ante*, p. 11]. It is a pleasant, fascinating book, and has great attractions for dabbles in science and philosophy; hence its popularity. We object, however, to its imperfect science and its hasty and inconsequential conclusions. Mr. Bosanquet attacks it on the ground of its orthodoxy. We were always of opinion that the work would not, under any circumstances, keep its hold on the public—but its oblivion will not be hastened by the brochure under notice.

Lays and Legends illustrative of English Life, by Camilla Toulmin.—Some pretty stories and verses written to a long list of illustrations (no less, indeed,

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than \$3 in number) by Westall, Stephanoff, Faulkner, Creswick, Wood, Uwins, Gainsborough, Collins, Cooper, Stone, Newton, Leslie, Turner, Holmes, Rochard, Chalon, and others. Most of these engravings have appeared before, and are well known. Miss Toulmin's portion of the work is executed with neatness and occasional elegance.

London and the English of Modern Times, [London, &c.], by Dr. Bureau-Riofrey.—A volume bearing such a title should contain the quintessence of Miss Berry's speculations on society—the shrewd political insight of the author of 'England under Seven Administrations'—something of the social philosophy of a Conversation Sharp, or a Mackintosh—something of that minute and startling knowledge of Life in the streets and workshops, on which a School of Fiction has been based by Dickens. More requisites it were needless to enumerate, since it must be obvious that the above could by no legerdemain be commanded by Dr. Bureau-Riofrey. There is neither much connexion nor much completeness in his book, though good sense and good feeling are not wanting to it. It seems equi-distant from a history, a moral essay, and a collection of sketches.

A Statement of the Case of the deposed Rajah of Sattara, by W. N. Nicholson.—The author has, at the request of the Vakeel to the deposed Rajah, gone through official papers printed by Parliament and by the Directors of the East India Company; and, as the result of his inquiry, states that he has "no hesitation in expressing his opinion that the evidence contained in those papers is altogether insufficient to justify the conclusion at which the Indian authorities have arrived—namely, that his Highness was guilty of the crimes of which he was accused."

The Young Ladies' Reader, by Mrs. Ellis.—The remarks on the art of reading well are sound and usefully directed. Doubtless, as this lady contends, it ought to form part of an accomplished education; particularly in regard to females. "Books," she observes, "are often our best friends, and therefore we ought to share them together." The selection of extracts is modern, and made with taste and care; at the same time, the pieces are not of such length as to infringe on the authors' copyright, but are rather brief specimens of their style and mode of thought.

A Hot-water Cure, sought out in Germany, in the Summer of 1844.—Here is a victim of a chronic complaint, seeking, as usual, change of air, mineral bathing, &c., and venturing at last on a trial of the sulphur baths of Aix-la-Chapelle; after which he visits Wiesbaden, &c.; and he describes the scenes he travels through with some humour and pleasantry, which, with the exception of a vulgar sketch or two, makes the book agreeable reading. But the ground has been so frequently trodden, that we find nothing new for extract. The caricature illustrations occasionally scattered among the letter-press are amusing.

The Horn-Book of the Storms for the Indian and China Seas, by H. Piddington.—Here the mariner is furnished with a compendious theory of the law of storms, and a lithographed horn-plate copy of Col. Reid's storm-card for use. The subject has many claims on scientific investigation, and this little work may be useful.

The Conduct of Life, by G. Long.—A series of essays regarding life in its domestic, social, studious, active, political, moral, and religious relations. They are confessedly designed to "come home to men's business and bosoms," and the remarks are properly of a practical character. To the young and inexperienced they are calculated to be of service.

The German Manual for the Young, and for Self-Teaching, by W. Klauer Klattowski, 2 vols.—A work which can be recommended as a pleasing and judicious guide. The first volume contains a collection of songs, ballads, marches, even entire plays, and other important pieces; and the second some well executed interlinear translations; besides a German grammar for beginners, a glossary, dialogues, letters, and much necessary information.

The Churchman's Theological Dictionary, by the Rev. R. Eden.—A lexicon of terms used in religious discussions. The editor repudiates expressly the dissimulosity of insinuating opinions under pretence of explaining the meaning of words; but it is impossible for any man not to have contracted a bias on

certain controverted points. For instance, we are quite sure that Dr. Arnold would not have conceded to the interpretation we find here of 'Rational Divinity,' 'Reason, and its use in Religion,' &c. The article 'Pews' also shows a leaning; the subject is not only too briefly, but somewhat unfairly treated. On the whole, however, and so far as we have examined, we think the work is as honestly done as such a work can be.

The Wine Merchant's Manual, by T. Smeed.—This is a treatise on the fining, preparation, and general management of wines. It seems calculated to be useful to the trade, the author having had much experience, and his directions being clearly expressed.

A List of all Patents for Inventions granted in England during the Year 1844, compiled by Newton & Son.—The title sufficiently explains the value of the work, which is alphabetically arranged, according to the names of patentees, and accompanied with a classified index of the subjects referred to.

[ADVERTISEMENT].—New Mode of Generating Atmospheric Power, by Mr. James Nasmyth, illustrated with Five Engravings, in THE RAILWAY CHRONICLE of THIS DAY, price 6d., of any Newsvender.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

American Factories and their Female Operatives, by Rev. W. Scoresby, 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Anderson's (Rev. J. S. M.) History of the Church of England in the Colonies, Vol. 1. 8vo. 14s. 6d.
A Poet's Stray Windings, by Emma Doddsmeade, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Ankers' Magazine, Vol. 11. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Bible Reader's Hand Book, by the Rev. T. Cobbin, A.M. royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl. gilt edges.
Bishop of Calcutta's Exposition of the Colossians, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Bishop of Chester's Exposition of the Second of Corinthians, 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. cl.; ditto, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. cl.
Book for Young Women, by the Wife of a Clergyman, 18mo. 1s. cl. 6d.
Book of the Toilet, 18mo. illuminated cover, 1s. 5d.
Bride (The), by Arthur Freeling, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.; 3s. 6d. silk.
Cobbett's (William) English Grammar, new edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.
Congressional Lectures, Eleventh Series, 'Payne's Lectures on Original Sin,' 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Conquest of Sicily, by Major-Gen. Napier, Part II. 8vo. with plans, 12s. cl.
Corro's (C. W., M.A.) System of English Grammar, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Cox's Companion to the Sea Medicine Chest, revised and enlarged, by R. Davis, 20th edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.
Edin' (R. B.) Practical Facts in Chemistry, new edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales, by Louisa S. Costello, with Illustrations, square 8vo. 14s. cl. gilt.
Family Medicine Directory, by Charles Dinwiddie, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.
Geary's Prayers, 18mo. reduced to sell, 1s. 3d. and with Appendix, 1s. 6d. cl.
Gentleman's Hand-Book of Letter Writing, imp. 32mo. 1s. cl.
German Delectus on the Plan of Valpy's Delectus, by E. Albrecht, M.A. and J. C. Moore, 12mo. 6s. with Lexicon, without Lexicon, 5s. cl.
German University Education, by W. C. Perry, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Graham's (Thos. J., M.D., &c.) Treatise on the Diseases of Females, 4th edit. 8vo. 11s. bds.
Griellian's Tramps in the Isle of Wight, 1 vol. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Hare's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. 6th edit. 10s. cl.
Hope of the Apostolic Church, being Twelve Lectures delivered during Lent, 1845, by Clergymen of the Church of England, with Preface, by Rev. H. Birks, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Housemaid's Complete Guide and Adviser, by Miss A. M. Sargent, 12mo. 6d. swd.
Influence, a Moral Tale for Young People, by Charlotte Anley, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Insect Life, by David Badham, M.D. 6s. 4d. cl.
Jenkin (Rev. T. W.) on the Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church in the Conversion of the World, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Kendall's (G. W.) Expedition across the Prairies, Map and Plates, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Library of Travel, Vol. II. 'Egypt and Nubia,' by J. A. St. John, 8vo. 9s. cl.
Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of the Rev. Edward Pearson, D.D. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, commonly called 'The Young Pretender,' by C. Louis Klose, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 5s. cl.
Meesmerist (The), or New School of Arts, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. swd.
Nonconformist's Sketch Book, by Edward Miall, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Novels and Romances of Anna Eliza Bay (in 10 vols.) Vol. I. 'The White Hoods,' 8vo. 6s. cl.
Old Testament History in Simple Language, for the Young and Unlearned, by a Country Clergyman, square 18mo. 4s. cl.
Peace for the Dying Christian, extracts selected by H. Drummond, First Series, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Philosophy of Music, 3 vols. 8vo. 1s. 6d. each. swd.
Poets of Yorkshire, commenced by the late W. C. Newman, and completed by John Holland, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Pier's Modern Gleaner, 8th ed. improved, 6s. 1s. 6d. cl.
Recantation; or, the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Reports of the Committee of the Board of Trade, on the Various Railways projected and in progress, with General Index, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
Secrecy of Prevost (The), by Justus Kerner, M.D., from the German, by Mrs. Crowe, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Seven Lectures on Schopenhauer's Philosophy, translated from the German of Dr. Arnold Wienholt, by J. C. Colquhoun, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Smuggler (The), by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Sportsman in Canada (The), by F. Tolley, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. cl.
Standard Novels, Vol. XCIV. 'Cecil; or, the Adventures of a Coxcomb,' 12mo. 6s. cl.
Studies of the New Testament, by a Layman, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Sybil; or, the Two Nations, by B. Disraeli, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Thornton's Family Prayers, 18th edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.
Todd and Bowman's Physiology, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Tuck's Railway Shareholders' Manual, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.
Twelve Views in Dovecote and Ilam, from Drawings, by Edward Price, 4to. 10s. swd.
Vocabulary of Scripture (The), by the Rev. P. Fairbairn, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Ulrich, a Tale, by the Countess Hahn-Hahn, Vol. I. imperial 32mo. 2s. swd.
Views of the Voluntary Principle, by E. Miall, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Voice from the Sanctuary on the Missionary Enterprise, Introduction by James Montgomery, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Whewell's Elements of Morality, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 11s. 6s. bds.
William's (Rev. J.) Gospel Narrative of the Resurrection Harmonized, 8vo. 6s. cl.

RETROSPECTION.

LIKE one far distant from his own dear land,
Where life's red fountain first began to flow,
Who turns him, wistful, ever to that hand
Whence the sweet winds which swept his country
blow,
Gazing, in hope some cliff of its bright strand
Perchance will loom there o'er the ocean low;
Paints it on each dim cloud; and on the sand
Draws the loved scenes that in his fancy glow—
The hills high-capt by floating mists or snow,—
The brook he paced with thro' the valleys green,—
The flocks steep-winding up the pasture, slow,—
The cottage glistering thro' its woodbine screen,—
All that his desolate heart of joy could know
He feels is gone, yet never will forego!

Like him, I turn me, in the lonely years,
Back towards the vision of my boyhood's prime,
Fain, fain to muse, thro' eyes thick-glazed with tears,
On one green spot, far o'er the waves of Time,
Where there life's vista but span-wide appears.
Yet sun-bright as a nook of Heaven's own clime:
So the dark Present the dead Past endears!—
Thus oft and oft my wearied foot I stay,
Wandering the world's wide wilderness forlorn,
And on the unsubstantial air pourtray
Long by-gone scenes! Their features, all unworn,
I joy to trace, albeit heart-saddening they;
As he from whom by death his best Beloved is torn,
Dwells on her image more, the more it makes him
mourn!

G. SPRINGFIELD.

THOMAS HOOD.

"Can Fulvia die?" There are people in the world of literature as of social intercourse, who seem so indispensable to us that time must elapse ere we can believe that they are gone, to return no more. It is thus we feel in recording the death of Thomas Hood; after a wasting illness of many years' slow progress, terminated by months of extreme debility and suffering cheerfully borne. Often and familiarly as he was wont to talk of death and the things of the grave, there seemed a vitality in the man no less than in his genius, which makes the catastrophe startling as it is sad.

Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Hood, the bookseller, of the firm of Verner & Hood. He gave to the public an outline of his early life, in the 'Literary Reminiscences' published in Hood's Own. He was, as he there states, early placed "upon lofty stool, at lofty desk," in a merchant's counting-house; but his commercial career was soon put an end to by his health, which began to fail; and by the recommendation of the physicians he was "shipped, as per advice, in a Scotch smack," to his father's relations in Dundee. There he made his first literary venture in the local journals; subsequently he sent a paper to the *Dundee Magazine*, the editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, "to wrap my bit of nonsense under his Honor's liver, without charging for its insertion." Literature, however, was then only thought of as an amusement; for, on his return to London, he was, we believe, apprenticed to an uncle as an engraver, and subsequently transferred to one of the Le Keux. But though he always retained his early love for art, and had much facility in drawing, as the numberless quaint illustrations to his works testify, his tendencies were literary, and when, on the death of Mr. John Scott, the *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, Mr. Hood was installed in a sort of sub-editorship. From that time his career has been open and known to the public.

The following is, we apprehend, something like a catalogue of Mr. Hood's works, dating from the period when his 'Odes and Addresses,' written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, brought him prominently before the public:—
'Whims and Oddities'; 'National Tales'; 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' (a volume full of rich, imaginative poetry); 'The Comic Annuals,' subsequently reproduced with the addition of new matter as 'Hood's Own'; 'Tynley Hall'; 'Up the Rhine'; and 'Whimsicalities: a Periodical Gathering.' Nor must we forget one year's editorship of 'The Gem,' since that included 'Eugene Aram's Dream,' a ballad which we imagine will live as long as the language. Of later days Mr. Hood was an occasional contributor to *Punch's* casket of mirth and benevolence;

and, perhaps, his last offering, 'The Song of the Shirt,' was his best—a poem of which the imitations have been countless, and the moral effect immeasurable.

The secret of this effect, if analyzed, would give the characteristics of one of the most original and powerful geniuses which ever was dropped by Fairy into infant's cradle, and oddly nursed up by man into a treasure, quaint, special, camel-coloured in the changefulness of its tints, yet complete and self-consistent. Of all the humourists Hood was the most poetical. When dealing with the most familiar subjects, whether it might be a Sweep bewailing the suppression of his cry, or a mother searching through St. Giles's for her lost infant, or a Miss Killmansegg's golden childhood—there was hardly a verse in which some touches of heart, or some play of fancy, did not beckon the laughing reader away into far other worlds than the Jester's. It is true, that he was equally prone to vein and streak his noblest poems, on high and awful themes, with familiar allusions and grotesque similes; and this union of what is near and tangible, with what soars high and sinks deep, wrought out in every capricious form which a gamesome invention could suggest, enabled him from time to time to strike home to the hearts of every one—the fastidious and the common-place—the man of wit and the man of dreams—of all, we should say, except the bigot and the charlatan. To these Hood's genial sarcasms must have been gall and wormwood, directed, as they were, to the noblest purposes. His jokes pierced the deeper, too, inasmuch as they were poet's jokes—clear of grossness or vulgarity. But what need is there once again, in this journal, to dissect or to display the gifts of one whose published works for years furnished out its richest mirth?—nor is the present time. Our lips may speak of the wit which Death could only exhaust, and the humour which sickness could not daunt, nor hard fortunes depress into silence; but our thoughts are fixed on the pall which hides them from us for ever!

As little can we attempt any portraiture of the man: more original, we verily think, more gifted when met in the private social circle of those to whom he would open his stores, than when presenting himself to the world in print. The service is one comprehending too many mingled recollections to be borne at the moment. The world will presently feel how much poorer it is for Hood's withdrawal; and then there will be no lack of remembrances and memorialists. Sufficient for the day is the regret!

Mr. Merritt.—A recent number of the *Liverpool Courier* notices the death of Mr. Merritt, who was amongst the last of a literary circle, the friends and contemporaries of the distinguished historian of the Medici. "He was born," says a correspondent, "at Aldborough, in Yorkshire, and educated at Hull, under the Rev. Joseph Milner, a brother of Dr. Isaac Milner. Mr. Merritt originally intended to take orders, and had acquired a more than ordinary knowledge of the learned languages; but circumstances induced him to abandon this intention, and he at once connected himself with the public press. He came to Liverpool about the year 1795, and became editor of a weekly newspaper, called the *Saturday Advertiser*, established by himself and the late Mr. James Wright, and very ably conducted. Mr. Merritt was a good classical scholar, had a remarkably retentive memory, and a natural quickness of apprehension and vivacity of understanding. His wit was prompt and flowing, his taste delicate, his mind clear, and his mode of expressing himself perspicuous and engaging. Most of his time having, for many years, been devoted to his editorial labours, he had published few separate works. Of these the principal were, 'A Letter to W. Roscoe, Esq., on Parliamentary Reform,' which was noticed in the *Edinburgh Review*; 'Memoirs of W. H. Betty'; 'Letters from France and the Netherlands'; and a pamphlet on Evangelical Preaching. He was also an occasional contributor to several literary and statistical journals. His style was formed by a diligent study of the best English writers: with what attention he had examined them may be seen in his 'Cursory Remarks on the Style of Johnson and Burke'; and his fastidiousness in this respect made the labour of composition so irksome, as to induce him to retire from his con-

nexion with the weekly press earlier probably than he otherwise would have done. In private life he was one of the most amiable of men; humane and charitable in every sense. He never spoke ill of any one; whenever the virtues of others were questioned, he had always something to offer in extenuation or excuse; and was a kind and constant friend. Had he been an active man he might have been a great man; but he was somewhat indolent, and preferred the ease of domestic enjoyment to the excitement of popular applause. He was in his seventieth year."

THE ARCTIC SEA AND NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

27, Sackville-street, May 1, 1845.

In claiming for his brother the right of discovery of a north-west passage, as mentioned in the *Athenæum* of April 26, Mr. Alexander Simpson is but urging a point which was settled by me in 1840. The Geographical Society held the same opinion which Mr. A. Simpson has expressed until I corrected them. It is owing to the loose manner with which geographical matters are treated in England, that such errors arise. The chart-sellers are England's hydrographers, who, in their anxiety to publish the traveller's map, strike out and ink in anything and everything that each *lion*, as he successively appears on the theatre of the world, suggests. Thus, the outline of the southern portion of North Somerset (improperly called Boothia by Sir John Ross), traced upon Esquimaux authority by Sir John Ross, was erased to make room for one traced upon mere supposition by Sir George Back. Now, if this improved map, as the chart-seller would call it, was sent out, as I have little doubt it was, to the Arctic traveller [Mr. Thomas Simpson], without the old maps for comparison, "he would be justified in believing he had arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with many indentations running down to the southward till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse Bay;" but with the two maps before him, such a belief would be a reflection upon his character as a scientific observer that cannot for a moment be entertained.

To decide the point, it is simply necessary to refer to page 261 of the narrative of Sir John Ross's expedition in the *Victory*, and protract upon the chart there given upon Esquimaux authority, the most eastern longitude attained by the Arctic traveller. That he had not reached, by a considerable distance, that "large gulf uniformly described as containing many islands," will at once be apparent. The course here recommended was that which I followed when the second edition of the *Times* newspaper of the 18th of April, 1840, reached me, containing the report of the Arctic traveller to the Hudson's Bay Company, and published by their authority. On the contrary, the Geographical Society, like Mr. A. Simpson, took things for granted, and called a meeting, at which Mr. W. R. Hamilton presided, and Captain Washington, R.N., officiated as secretary. From the midst of the assembly Sir John Barrow stood forth, and proclaimed to the world the discovery of the North-West Passage. As a visitor, it was not etiquette for me, except called upon, to address the Society; so I waited patiently for the reports of the meeting in the periodical literature. I was thus enabled to give my views of the traveller's discoveries, which are too well known to be repeated, and which concluded with these words: "The press generally are under the impression that the passage is discovered; thus, we find the *John Bull* congratulating the public on the 'solution of the great geographical problem, which for three centuries has baffled alike human ingenuity and enterprise.' 'It has at length been ascertained,' says the *Dispatch*, 'that there is a communication by sea which connects the discovery of Parry and Ross in the East with those of Beechy and Franklin in the West.' The Geographical Society and Sir John Barrow assert the same thing; but how Dr. Richardson has been led into error, as appears by his letter, I am at a loss to conceive. Geographical Science, although simple to those who have paid it ordinary attention, is a mystery to the many; and it behoves the Geographical Society to diffuse correct and intelligible information. That Society has not acted wisely in admitting that the North-West Passage is discovered; and the recent survey is a confirmation of Sir

George Back's views of an open sea into Regent's Inlet, south of the isthmus of Boothia, for both the one and the other have yet to be determined by further survey."

If North Somerset be a peninsula, "How," inquires Mr. A. Simpson, "are we to account for the strong currents or little races" which exist in the sea bounding it on the west? Are they not indicative of an open passage between two oceans? Not necessarily so, for there is another way of accounting for their presence—the way in which the discoverer has accounted for them. "We suddenly opened," writes the Arctic traveller, "a strait running in to the southward of east, where the rapid rush of the tide scarcely left a doubt of the existence of an open sea leading to the mouth of the Great Fish River." The Arctic traveller was satisfied that the little races were indicative of an open passage to the Great Fish River. He did not pretend to go so far as Mr. A. Simpson, and say "they were indicative of an open passage between two oceans."

Again, according to Mr. A. Simpson, the distance in latitude between the extreme points reached by Ross to the south, and the Arctic traveller to the east, is "less than 60 miles;" but he does not say the extreme points are on a level, or nearly so, with the sea. The distance at which the horizon can be seen from a ship's deck is, I believe, within eight miles; great, then, is the space—60 miles—for fully realizing all Sir John Ross has said of the land of North Somerset, and until an actual survey takes place, Sir John Ross's chart should be again placed upon the map of the world.

Although it is of little consequence just now, it may be as well for me to state, that the distinguished service upon which the Arctic traveller was engaged was not that "which he himself had planned," as Mr. A. Simpson unhesitatingly asserts. The Arctic traveller has surpassed all modern explorers of the polar regions, as all admit, but he has neither discovered a nor the North-West Passage; and it is not necessary to secure for him everlasting fame, that he should have discovered such a passage. If Mr. A. Simpson writes till doomsday, he will not make the Arctic traveller a greater man than he has made himself. I have the honour to be, &c.,

RICHARD KING.

TO MR. HUNT, ON HIS PICTURE OF ROMISH DEVOTION.

We do not ask to whom he prays,
Or what the form of creed he says;
Such Reverence is a holy thing
To whomsoever given;
Such adoration is the wing
Would lift a poorer soul to heaven.

It matters not that he is poor,—
We have no fear that want or care
Can make much havoc in the life
Whose boyhood hath such power of prayer.

O Hunt! thy fancy oft has charmed,
Thy wit oft warmed and never wounded,
But here thy skillful artist-hand
A loftier feeling can command,
A deeper chord hath sounded.
That tender, rapt, confiding soul,
Up-breathing thro' the lips apart,
Fit comment is on sacred words,
"God dwelleth in the human heart."

R. A.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We call attention to the costly gift about to be presented, by the East India Company, to Mehemet Ali, in acknowledgment of the liberal and enlightened policy which kept the highway to India, through his dominions, open to our merchants, while we were battering down his Syrian towns,—and which is now to be seen on the premises of Mr. Smith, in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. The gift is worthy its occasion, and of the body of prince-merchants who confer it; but no idea of its magnificence can be conveyed by description. It has been designed, modelled and manufactured on the premises of Mr. Smith; where it awaits the arrangements for its transmission and presentation to the Pacha. This superb specimen of the silversmith's art, is a silver fountain; from whose top, at an elevation of 10 feet from the ground, water is thrown in a jet, by means of

an arrangement into the pyramid of four feet claws, to the appearance of the upriser a sea and a sh-tains a lower b and m Resting is a cost of flower of the up cornucopia oak-leaves into a s (which is and arou whole w edges, is —human religious makes the work, or less descri each of scription language of Egypt London. Turkish, employed 10,400 of The E Edward's Academy Professor We m to enlight empire, t of high c medicine intended them on and at th spread in acquired dents are expense public cul and the philanthropic energies to the cul of Europe On Sat Academy, place in t attended R The chair the keepe ident, Sir health did Mr. J. Naturalist died at h 2nd, after and retir Continent lau, of Dr. vinity of than forty which hav translated The Ge neral Gene de Mackau the prize covery du the first of a 'Yajage' description Ferret and and scien Abyssinia.

an arrangement in the interior, and falls over into three successive basins, in the form of the pyramid. The base of this fountain, resting on a slab of black marble, is a quadrangular reservoir, four feet in diameter, and terminating in fluted claws, to contain the water,—presenting externally the appearance of a massive and enriched pedestal to the upper structure. In the centre of this pedestal rises a sort of altar or column, also quadrangular; and a shaft, springing out of this smaller table, sustains the first and broadest of the basins. From this lower basin the water is returned into the interior, and raised again for the supply of the fountain. Resting on the basement, at each of its four corners, is a costly vase, of elegant design, containing a group of flowers in frosted silver; and falling from the scrolls of the upper table or altar, towards the four vases, are cornucopie, also filled with flowers. A wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, twisted and banded together into a sort of cable, in the Louis Quatorze style (which is that of the whole design), undulates within and around the edges of the lower basin; and the whole work, which is in frosted silver with burnished edges, is enriched by fruit, flowers, scrolls and wreaths,—human figures being avoided, in deference to the religious laws of Egypt,—with a profusion which makes the impossibility of conveying an idea of the work, or its magnificent appearance, by any means less descriptive than drawings. A convex shield, on each of the four sides of the base, bears the inscription that follows,—on each side in a different language:—"To His Highness, Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, Presented by The East India Company. London. A.D. 1845." The other languages are Turkish, Arabic, and Latin. The amount of silver employed in this superb specimen of English Art is 10,400 ounces; and the cost of the work 7,000*l*.

The East India Company have appointed Mr. Edward Solly Lecturer on Chemistry at the Military Academy at Addiscombe, vacant by the death of Professor Daniell.

We may mention, as among the measures taking to enlighten the native population of our Indian empire, the arrival in this country of four Brahmans of high caste, sent hither for the purpose of studying medicine at the University of London. They are intended to take degrees, with the view of placing them on the same footing with the faculty of India, and at the same time enabling them, as natives, to spread in the interior the knowledge they have acquired under our institutions. Two of these students are sent over by Sir Henry Hardinge, at the expense of the East Indian Government, one by public subscription amongst the citizens of Calcutta, and the fourth by Ungatue Singh, an Eastern philanthropist, who has devoted his wealth and energies to the service of the Indian population, and to the cultivation of native talent under the auspices of European civilization.

On Saturday last, the annual festival of the Royal Academy, in commemoration of its foundation, took place in the great room of the Exhibition, and was attended by a numerous and distinguished company. The chair was filled, *ex officio*, by Mr. George Jones, the keeper of the Academy, in the room of the president, Sir Martin Archer Shee,—the state of whose health did not permit his presence on the occasion.

Mr. J. L. Knapp, author of 'The Journal of a Naturalist,' and other works on Natural History, died at his residence, Alveston, Thornbury, on the 2nd, after amusing himself with his usual occupations and retiring to rest at his customary hour.—The Continental papers also announce the death, at Breslau, of Dr. John Wendt, professor at the Royal University of that city. Dr. Wendt is the author of more than forty works on practical medicine,—some of which have a European reputation, and have been translated into many of the European languages.

The Geographical Society of France held its Annual General Meeting last week, Vice-Admiral Baron de Mackau, the Minister of Marine, presiding,—when the prize for the most important geographical discovery during the year was divided into two medals, the first of which was awarded to M. Gay, author of a 'Voyage au Chili,' containing a novel and complete description of that country; and the other to MM. Ferret and Galinier, Staff-officers, for their perilous and scientific exploration of certain provinces of Abyssinia.—A paper was read, by M. Gay, on the

'Botanical Geography of Chili,' which led to an interesting communication, on the same subject, by the Baron de Humboldt:—and the latter was elected President for the ensuing year.

The Paris papers publish a long list of nominations and promotions in the ranks of the Legion of Honour, awarded to the different functionaries of the University, and others coming under the recommendation of the Minister of Public Instruction. Amongst the names more popularly known in this country are, the literary ones of MM. de Balzac, Frédéric Soulié, and Alfred de Musset,—nominated members of that order:—in Art M. Ingres has been made a Commander; and M. Ambrose Thomas, the composer, has received the rank of Chevalier; M. Lacroix, Commander, M. Amaury Duval, the painter, Liszt, the pianist, Kastner, composer, and Boulay-Paty, the writer, Chevaliers. We may add, that the king has granted the decoration of the Legion to Professor Finn Magnusen, keeper of the archives of the kingdom of Denmark, in acknowledgment of his liberal communication of valuable documents to the French Scientific Commission,—particularly an historical work, of great interest, on the ancient prosperity of Iceland and the causes of its decline.

The Annual Assembly of the Booksellers of Germany has been held at Leipsic, 718 members attending. A resolution was carried for an address to the Committee of Booksellers meeting at Stuttgart,—calling on them to take measures with the Chambers of Wurtemberg for having the legislation of that country, on the subject of piracy, brought into harmony with that of Prussia and Saxony.

According to the *Augsburg Gazette*, a great number of strangers had announced their intention of taking part in the congress of literary men, which was about to assemble at Leipsic,—a meeting which has been for some time the leading topic of interest, in all the literary circles of Germany. The sittings were to be for three days; and the first, at which the respective rights of Authors and Booksellers were to be determined, was to take place on the 27th ult. The booksellers had been specially invited to attend:—and the deliberations were to be open to the public. From the same source, we learn that the Leipsic catalogue, for the last six months, contains the names of 5,750 works,—among which the most conspicuous place is occupied by theological, and particularly what is called *Romanger* literature,—the title given to the body of writings for and against the schism of the priest Ronge. Works of literature properly so called, are in very small proportion; but pamphlets increase, throughout Germany, in alarming numbers.

It is stated, in a letter from Treves, that a curious and interesting discovery has been made, in the course of the excavations among the foundations of the ancient Roman basilica of that place,—about to be restored, in its primitive form, as a Lutheran Church. Beneath the mosaic pavement of its principal hall, which rests on brick buttresses, has been found a complete system of metal pipes, of large calibre, which have obviously, it is said, been used for warming that apartment by means of steam or heated air:—thus proving that a method of heating believed to have been of recent invention was known and practised in the days of the Romans.—Not far from the Webersbach gate of the same city, and about four feet beneath the surface of the soil, has been likewise discovered, an extensive and magnificent pavement in mosaic, also resting on brick pillars; and which appears to have belonged to some stately edifice. It is divided into large compartments,—of which eleven are uninjured, and represent mythological subjects,—such as combats of gladiators, and military and bacchanal trophies.

That morbid love of excitement and sickly sentimentality which, in France, combine to convert the courts of criminal justice into theatres and exhibition-rooms, and fill our own journals with the personal descriptions and nauseous sayings of vagabonds and murderers, has, in the former country, taken a form of expression so revolting, in the very refinement of its curiosity, that we think it useful to quote it, as a warning to such voluptuaries in human anguish, among ourselves, as attend the performances in the chapel of Newgate, under the patronage of the sheriffs,—of the extravagancies towards which the

indulgence of their corrupt tastes and unwholesome emotions tends. At the execution, at Nevers, for the murder of his mistress, of a ruffian, who had contrived to attract considerable interest to himself,—by the affectation of a religious insanity, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the priests and the pious in his favour, failed to save him from the scaffold,—the Daguerrotypes was employed for a purpose which it is almost awful to write. The quality of the guillotine, by which it is mercifully recommended, is its rapidity of action; but the Daguerrotypes is more rapid still,—and never did its peculiarity of writing with the shadow suggest a fancy so terrible (in connexion with the frivolity of the motive) as that of the shade which it has been here attempted to record. The instrument in which Nature is made to write her own memorials was applied to catch, for publication, the expression of the murderer's face, at that one awful moment when, tied to the fatal block, he stood in the immediate presence of death,—and the last human emotion that impressed it was the shadow of the grave into which he was that instant passing. This is the very madness of such tastes as those to which we have been alluding; and when they reach a point like this, whether their pretence be pseudo-philosophy, vicious sentimentality, or the mere idle craving for excitement, it is time that the guardians of public morality should interfere. We read, with pleasure, the conversation, last week, in the House of Lords, which condemned, with no reserve and no dissentient, our own exhibitions of the kind; but we think the publication of a case like this should speak with more authority than any censors can against the indulgence of an appetite which feeds, at length, on stimulants so rank and unwholesome.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.
—Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven) 1*s*. Catalogue, 1*s*.
HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.
(Closing of the present Exhibition.)
The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY 17th inst.—Admission, 1*s*. Catalogue, 1*s*.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL.—Admission, 1*s*.; Catalogue, 6*d*.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

PANORAMA OF NANKING.
JUST OPENED, at the PANORAMA ROYAL, LEICESTER SQUARE, a View of Nanking, the ancient capital of the Celestial Empire, with its unrivalled Porcelain Tower; comprising, also, the Yang-Tse-Kiang Rivers, the heights and scenery adjacent, with portraits of Sir H. Pottinger, Lord Salton, Sir H. Gough, Sir W. Parker, and other officers in friendly communication with Elepho, Ke-ting, Nien Kien, the three Chinese Commissioners, and various native groups around them. The View of Naples by Moonlight is now open, and Baden-Baden still continues on view.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE of ADMITTANCE.—Just Opened, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Reoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1*s*.; Stalls, 2*s*. as heretofore.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.
ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, exhibited by a WORKING MODEL having a power to carry visitors. A CURIOUS MECHANICAL HAND on a person who has lost his natural hand. Dr. EVANS' LECTURES on the CHEMISTRY of DOMESTIC LIFE daily. Prof. BACHHOFFNER'S VARIOUS LECTURES with brilliant experiments. LECTURES on CHARACTER, with MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS by Mr. J. RUSSELL, accompanied by Dr. Wallis on the Pianoforte, every evening except Saturday, at Eight o'clock. New and beautiful objects in the CHROMATROPE, PHOTOCOPPE, PHOTOCOPPE, &c. NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, SUBMARINE EXPERIMENTS by the DIVER, and DIVING BELL. Working Models described daily.—Admission, 1*s*.; Schools, Half-Price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—April 28.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—Six ordinary, and one foreign corresponding Member were elected. The paper read was a notice on Peel's River, an affluent of Mackenzie's River, in North America, by Mr. A. Isabister, of the Hudson's Bay Company's service. This gentleman was commissioned to establish a trade with the Indians on Peel's River, so named by Sir John Franklin, and which had been examined by Mr. Bell, also of the Hudson's Bay Company's Service, in 1839. On the 25th of May, 1840, Mr. Isabister left Fort Simpson, with the intention of joining Mr. Bell at Fort Good Hope, on the

Mackenzie, where he found everything in readiness on his arrival. The party consisted of twelve men, including Mr. Bell, Mr. Isbister, and four Indians with their families, the remainder being Orkney and Canadian labourers. Mr. Isbister was in possession of a few good instruments, which assisted him in his exploration. They had abundance of goods for barter, provisions, and building materials. Leaving Fort Good Hope on the 3rd of June, in two boats, they reached the mouth of Peel's River on the 6th, where they met a party of friendly Indians, and immediately began the ascent of the stream. On the second day they passed the Rat River, coming in from the west, and ten miles higher up, met another party of friendly Indians. This was the spot fixed upon for constructing a fort, which labour was immediately commenced, and considerably advanced by the 20th August, when Mr. Isbister had to return to F.R. Good Hope, with the furs he had by this time procured, and bring back provisions for the winter. In this trip the traveller tested the accuracy of his instruments, and was satisfied with them. After his return from Good Hope, Mr. Isbister was constantly on snow-shoes, visiting different stations along the river, and seeking for lakes for the sake of the fish. From one of these lakes, the traveller made various trips to different parts of the river; and connecting these parts by means of the dead reckoning which Mr. Bell had kept during his ascent and descent the year before, and with the aid of two good compasses, he has been enabled to lay down the course of the river with great precision. It has its rise at about 64° north and 130° east, and flows along the precipitous eastern foot of a range of the Rocky Mountains till joined by a bifurcation of the Rat River from the left, where the united streams empty themselves into the Mackenzie. In ascending the river, its banks are at first low and alluvial. The *Alnus glutinosa* and *Hippuris vulgaris* being the principal, if not the entire vegetation. At 30 miles from the mouth of the river its character is changed; the banks, though still low and alluvial, are clothed with a dense vegetation of pines, poplars, and thick underwood of different kinds of willows. The aspect was that of luxuriance, and the trees bore evident marks of the recent floods. The first rapid on the river is formed about 30 miles above the newly-constructed fort; it is caused by a contraction of the river's bed, which here begins to flow over a hard pebbly bottom. At this place the natives had constructed a weir for catching fish. This spot is also the rendezvous of the infirm members of the tribes, and such of their women and families as do not accompany their husbands on their hunting excursions. After passing the first rapid, the current, hemmed in by mountains, becomes very impetuous, and the ascent by towing tedious and fatiguing. The stream now flowed through romantic defiles so steep and lofty as to intercept the mid-day sun from the view of the travellers. After a while it became impossible to proceed further with the boat, and recourse was had to a light Indian canoe, which, in time, was also abandoned. Simpson's and Macpherson's rivers, coming in from the right, were next passed. The party suffered much from wading in water, whose temperature was scarcely above the freezing point. Finally, the head of Peel's River was reached, which ramified into a number of small streamlets, seldom exceeding fifteen or twenty yards in breadth. The bifurcation of the Rat River has been mentioned; it is a curious geographical feature. While the main stream flows on northward to the sea, a branch strikes off to the right, through the mountains, and joins the Peel. This branch has a tortuous course and slow current, and carries the water of the Rat River into the Peel, or that of the Peel River into the Rat, according as the one or other of these rivers happens to be highest. The paper concluded with a description of the Natural History and Geology of the region.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—April 28.

H. E. Kendall, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. J. Thomson, descriptive of the Parish Church of Alderton, Wilts, the most remarkable feature of which consists in two hagioscopes, or squints, opened in the angles formed by the nave and transepts, the apertures being pierced through masses of masonry carried, for the purpose, on corbels, across the exterior entering angles of the building. These

excrescences appear to be of later date than the church, since on the south side the windows are partially blocked up by their introduction.

Mr. F. J. Francis read some observations 'On Encaustic Tiles.' Those which are so well known, consisting of brown clay inlaid with devices in yellow, and glazed, appear to hold a middle date between two other sorts of paving tiles less common,—one more ancient, in which the devices are in *creux*, and another not older than the 16th century, in which they are in relief. Mr. Francis observed, with regard to the mode of employing these tiles, that a due proportion of ornament and repose is essential to their good effect; and that the manner of spreading the decoration over the whole surface of the floor common in modern imitations, reduced it to the appearance of floor-cloth; and with reference to the subjects of the decorations impressed upon them during the Middle Ages, he took occasion to expose the absurdities of the symbolical system, as set forth by Durandus, and adopted by the writers of the Cambridge Camden Society, who have denounced in the *Ecclesiologist*, ludicrously enough, the use of symbols, which they have actually introduced in the paving of the Round Church.

May 5.—The Annual Meeting, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President: Earl De Grey. Vice-Presidents: H. E. Kendall, J. B. Papworth, W. Tite. Honorary Secretaries: Ambrose Poynter, G. Bailey. Honorary Secretary for Foreign Correspondence: T. L. Donaldson.—Treasurer: Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart.—Honorary Solicitor: W. L. Donaldson.—Auditors: G. Mair, R. W. Billings.—Ordinary Members of Council: T. Bellamy, W. Burn, E. M. Foxhall, G. Godwin, J. Noble, C. Parker, W. F. Pocock, S. Smirke, J. Shaw, J. Thomson.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—April 21.—Colonel Sykes, V.P. in the chair.—The first paper was on the means of forming and maintaining troops in health, by Assistant-Surgeon Balfour. The inhabitants of towns are the individuals whose position most closely approximates with that in which troops are placed; and the mortality in the prime of life is nearly one-third greater than among the rural population. The deaths among the footguards amount to twenty one-sixteen per thousand annually, and sixteen per thousand may be fairly received as the average of the civil inhabitants of Britain. We thus obtain a standard by which to contrast the loss of life in Britain with that to which our armies are subject when serving in foreign countries. The following is the result of Mr. Balfour's researches:—

Country.	Annual mortality per 1,000
New South Wales	14.1
Cape of Good Hope	15.5
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick	18
Malta	18.7
Canada, Upper and Lower	20
Gibraltar	22.1
Ionian Islands	20.3
Mauritius	30.5
Bermudas	32.3
St. Helena	35
Tenasserim Provinces	50
Madras Presidency	52
Bombay Presidency	55
Ceylon	57.2
Bengal Presidency	63
Windward and Leeward command	85
Jamaica	143
Bahamas	200
Sierra Leone	453

A paper by Mr. W. A. Graham was then read, 'On the adaptation of official railway returns of railway traffic to the general purposes of statistical inquiry.' The paper was illustrated by six tables, compiled from the returns obtained by the Board of Trade. The first table gave the per-centage proportions of receipts for passengers and goods on sixty-six railways, the actual receipts for each, and the totals; the second table, the number of passengers of each class, the average distances travelled by each, and the rate of fare per mile; the rest similar results for horses and carriages, live stock of three kinds, and coals. A point insisted upon, was the utility of the numbers in the tables as indexes of variation when carried over a series of years, and the author referred to various peculiarities in the tables. A comparison of two years, ending June 30, 1843, shows an increase during the latter in the third-class passengers carried on the London and Birmingham,

Great Western and South Western lines of 15, 39, and 49 per cent. respectively. A point noticed among the indications of the tables of live stock was the distribution throughout the manufacturing districts of the Irish pigs landed at Liverpool.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 24.—The Earl of Clare, V.P. in the chair.—This being the Anniversary Meeting, the Report of the Council was read by the Rev. R. Cattermole. It appeared that the income during the year amounted to 7051. H. Hallam, Esq., was appointed President, on the retirement of the Earl of Ripon; and the Marquis of Northampton, Lord Kenyon, Archdeacon Burney, T. Bigge, Esq., the Rev. B. Cattermole, the Rev. H. Clissold, Sir J. Dorant, M.D., the Rev. T. Fuller, J. Hogg, Esq., H. Holland, Esq., W. Jerdan, Esq., W. Osborn, Esq., D. Pollock, Esq., C. A. Smith, Esq., W. Tooke, Esq., and D. Turner, Esq., Members of the Council.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—May 1.—The thirty-sixth anniversary meeting, Mr. R. H. Solly, F.R.S., in the chair.—The Report announced a great improvement in the finances, the outstanding debt having been reduced by the amount of 1,579l. 5s. 9d. The total receipts of the year were 7,352l. 13s. 4d., and there remained a balance in hand of 2501. 9s. 3d. The receipts of the garden exhibitions for the past year were 5,621l. 8s. 6d. The Duke of Devonshire was re-elected President; Mr. T. Edgar, Treasurer; and Mr. J. R. Gowen was appointed Secretary, in the room of Dr. Henderson.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 29.—The annual meeting.—The Earl of Derby, President, in the chair.—From the report, it appeared that the number of visitors to the gardens during the year had been 10,507, of whom 7,802 paid the admission fees, while the remainder were the privileged members. The receipts amounted to 11,997l., and the expenditure to 10,999l. Amongst the donors to the museum were Lord Saye and Sele, Colonel Owen, the Norwegian Consul, and the Countess of Mansfield. Her Majesty had presented to the menagerie a beautiful Albanian deer, and many valuable animals had been received from Colonel Warrington, Sir Robert Schomburgk, &c. The plan recently adopted of exposing the carnivora to the open air, instead of keeping them in dens warmed by artificial heat, had been attended with the best results, there having been a diminution in the number of deaths and a great improvement in the health of the animals. The report was adopted, after which the officers were appointed.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—April 23.—J. Birkitt, Esq., in the chair.—A paper, by J. S. Bowerbank, Esq., entitled 'Description of a new genus of Calcareous Sponges,' was read. It was found attached to the stem of a new species of coralline received from Mr. Dunsterville; and was found on the beach at Cape Receipt, about 10 miles from the town.—On a new genus of Fresh-water Sponges, by Mr. Bowerbank, was also read. This singular sponge was found at Tenby, South Wales, by a poor man, who collects fresh-water shells to sell to the visitors. It occurs in a large muddy ditch in the vicinity of Tenby, which although very near the sea, has no communication with it. To this Sponge Mr. Bowerbank gives the name of *Somatosporgia*.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 30.—Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. D. Davies's Improved Railway Carriage Brake was explained. Six carriages on the Birmingham Railway are furnished with Mr. Davies's brake.—A drain tile, submitted by Mr. W. Moffat, was next described. The transverse section of this tile is nearly in the form of the letter H—the lower half being left open, forms a channel for the water, while the upper half, whose sides are perforated, is filled with broken stone or burnt clay. The length of the tile is 14 inches, and the depth 8½ inches, the water channel being 3 inches square.

The Secretary read a paper, by Mrs. T. Allom, 'On the Introduction of Bees to New Zealand.' The attention of the author was first drawn to the subject by hearing from her son of the high price of butter in that colony, for which article she conceived honey would form an excellent substitute. The danger of the bees being neglected on the voyage

was urged, as the bees, when abandoned to the care of the natives, were confined to New Zealand, and large oblong front, of common and has wooden bion: of trough, full interior of a perfora which the filled with opening of to inspect the voyage th of honey safely.

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May 7. J. Scott R tion of M of which played be instead of Mr. Do Pendulum the pendu vice versa white den small ste

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was urged by many, as a reason why she should abandon her project. She, however, set to work to contrive a method of transporting her "tiny colony" to New Zealand. The contrivance is as follows—a large oblong box of wood having its top, and also front, of perforated zinc, containing in the centre a common straw hive, which answers as the pavilion, and has an entrance in front; on either side is a wooden breeding box communicating with the pavilion: on the top of the case is a circular zinc feeding trough, furnished with a cylindrical passage from the interior of the case, through which the bees pass to a perforated zinc floating stage above the hive, on which they rest while feeding; the feeding trough is filled with liquid honey, through a funnel-shaped opening on the side—a glass top enables the apiarian to inspect the insect while feeding. During the voyage the bees were fed twice a-week with two-thirds of honey and one-third of water—they arrived safely.

Mr. Rotch, V.P. described his collateral box hive; the principal object of which is to secure the apiarian from the attacks of the bee. In general form this hive is similar to that of Mr. Nutt, but, by the introduction of perforated zinc slides between the pavilion and the side compartments, the manager is enabled to remove the collateral box without the bees escaping; the ventilation is rendered complete—moreover every part may be inspected through glass windows, which are covered (when required) by hanging shutters, for the purpose of fumigation, without displacing any of the compartments; a gauze bag is suspended under each, the bottom of which is formed of perforated zinc.

May 7.—G. Moore, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. J. Scott Russell described an Upright Drill, the invention of Mr. J. McDowall, the novelty and advantage of which consist in the application of the power employed being in the direction of the axis of the drill, instead of at right angles, as in the ordinary drill.

Mr. Boulter described his improved Compensation Pendulum Spring, whereby he is enabled to regulate the pendulum without altering the adjustment, and vice versa. The pendulum is attached to a rod (of white deal), by means of a pivot passing through two small steel plates let into the rod.

The Secretary read a paper, by Mr. Dicksee, on the manufacture of his Pressed Glass Mosaics,—applicable alike for pavements, mural decorations, and furniture,—several specimens of which were laid on the table. The mosaics may be produced of any colour. They may also be moulded into any required shape while the glass is in a fused state, by means of a double-action screw press. In order to prevent the surface of the mosaics being bloated and uneven, it is necessary that the pressure should be continued on a sufficient time, in order that the glass may harden before being removed from the mould.

Dr. Jarvis, of Connecticut, U.S., explained to the meeting his "Surgical Adjuster," the objects of which are, to reduce dislocations, to adjust fractures, and preserve the fractured extremities in apposition during the process of reunion. This machine consists of a brass or other metal case, 13½ inches long, and 1½ inch by ½ inch square; the cavity within is divided by a partition running lengthwise, nearly in the middle, thus forming two ways—the one square, into which a rack is to be received,—the other round, in which is a female screw, and into which the male screw of the femur-fork works. Near the other end of the case, and on its outer surface, is a ratchet wheel, the cogs of the pinion wheel matching the cogs of the rack; the shaft of the two wheels terminates in a square hub, to be received into a corresponding square sinking at one end of the lever, by which the motive power is effected for making extension and counter-extension. Forks of particular forms, to suit different parts of the body, and having threaded shafts, are fixed into the round cavity of the case. Padded rolls of soft material, belts, straps, and a double inclined plane, complete the contrivance.—Mr. Bransby Cooper, and other surgeons, bore testimony to the value of Dr. Jarvis's instrument.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 2.—Lord Prudhoe, President, in the chair.—Mr. Napier, 'On the Practice of Electro-Metallurgy.' Mr. Napier superintends the scientific department of the works of Messrs. Elkington. His present purpose was, not only to

describe some curious points in the practice of electroplating, but also to announce a new application of electricity in reducing metals from ores which, like that of copper, can be fused by a flux. 1. *As to Electro-plating*.—Mr. Napier commenced by noticing the known difference between solid and liquid conductors of electricity—i.e., that the latter are decomposed by the current which they convey; on this property the principle of all the electro processes rests. The mode in which the copper is deposited from the liquid sulphate on a surface connected with the zinc terminal of the battery was then illustrated theoretically by a diagram, and practically by a large sheet of cloth covered by these means. The object of this fabric is to furnish a roofing for houses, lining and ornamenting rooms, and covering railroad carriages;—not only waterproof, but also not liable to be set on fire by sparks falling on it. Mr. Napier here noticed the difficulty of maintaining that equable diffusion of the copper-salt through the solution which should insure the uniform deposit of the metal. This can only be effected by keeping either the liquid or the article in constant motion, or else by placing the latter horizontally at the bottom of the former—care being always taken to insure the solution being constantly saturated by suspending crystals of the salt in it. In plating goods with gold or silver, recourse is had to the cyanides of those metals. The preparation of the cyanide of potassium from the common yellow ferro-cyanide was described. This salt separates silver from the nitrate, and gold from the chloride, forming the required cyanide. An instantaneous gilding of several articles was effected before the audience. The subsequent processes of brushing and burnishing, by which the soundness of the work is tested, were then exhibited. 2. *As to the fabrication of solid silver articles*.—On a model of metal, or plaster of Paris, or any other suitable material, is poured a compound of 12 parts of glue and 3 of treacle, melted together. This, when cooled, forms a perfectly flexible mould, from which any sculptured surface, even if there be much under-cutting on it, can be easily detached. Into a mould so prepared is poured a mixture of 3 parts tallow, 1 wax, and ½ resin. This dissolves at a low temperature; and when liquid, and previously to being poured into the mould, it receives half an ounce of phosphorus, dissolved in sulphuretted of carbon. This, diffused through the melted mass thus described, gives it the property of reducing silver from its nitrate. The new model, then, taken from the mould, is moistened with nitrate of silver, and becomes covered with a thin film of that metal, on which copper is deposited by the battery-current. When this second mould is considered sufficiently thick, the fusible compound is melted away, the copper mould is protected at the back by non-conducting surface, generally a mixture of pitch and tar. Silver is then deposited within this mould, of any required solidity, from the solution of cyanide of silver and the battery-current; and, finally, the copper mould is dissolved by perchloride of iron, leaving the silver pure. By the same process, delicate organic textures are gilded. In all cases where it is desired to insure perfect metallic coating, the article, (after having been washed with the sulphuretted of carbon and phosphorus,) is immersed first in a solution of nitrate of silver, and then of chloride of gold, both very dilute. 3. *As to the reduction of copper, &c. from their ores by electricity*.—Mr. Napier has proposed the following process for applying this discovery to practical purposes. He mixes the roasted ore with soda and lime, and places the whole on a bed of black lead tiles in a reverberatory furnace; these are connected with the zinc terminal of the battery, and the surface of the mass, when fused, is covered with an iron plate, which is put into connexion with the copper terminal. At the expiration of a period depending on the power of the battery, the complete extraction of the copper takes place, which is found collected at the bottom, amounting to, according to present experience, from 12 to 16 times the weight of the zinc dissolved in the battery-cell. Whether these results are dependent throughout on the direct electrolyzation of the fused mass, or if electrolyzation be the primary effect, deranging the constitution of the compounds, and which, in connexion with the intense heat, produces the results referred to, Mr. Napier cannot as yet say.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT. MON.	Botanic Society, 4 P.M.
—	Geographical Society, half-past 8.
TUES.	British Architects, 8.
—	Medico-Chirurgical Society, half-past 8.
WED.	Zoological Society, half-past 8.
—	Geological Society, half-past 8.
—	Literary Fund Dinner.
—	Society of Arts, 8.—'On an Expanding Fire Escape,' by Mr. Albano.—'On a Music Board,' by Mr. W. Ingram.—'On the Extraction of Metals from their Ores by Electricity,' by Mr. W. J. Napier; and 'On a Ventilating Gas Light,' by Mr. D. Grant.
FRI.	Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Rev. E. Sydney 'On the Electricity of Plants in the several stages of their development.'

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

If augury be drawn from a number of negatives, the report relating to this Seventy-seventh exhibition must have appalled all who look to the Royal Academy for progress. No MacIose—no Cope—only one small contribution by Mr. E. Landseer—as few by Mr. Eastlake, a mere sketch by Mr. Mulready—thus has run the lamentation for the last month. Time, however, has made us somewhat incredulous: and, we are justified in having "kept up a good heart" on the present occasion, by the impressions derived from a close inspection of the Great Room and its dependencies. If our men of enterprise are working at high historical compositions at home—those who have exhibited come before us with no mean claims to reward and admiration; and some of the younger exhibitors show welcome signs of advancement.

Before, however, we begin our account of the novelties to be seen in Trafalgar Square, we must offer a serious protest against the Hanging Committee, who, it seems, have this year more than ever performed their task academically—that is, with a determination to favour exhibitors whose names are graced with the appendage of two mysterious capitals, no matter at whose expense. How else can it be that we find meritorious pictures hung above and thrust below the line, while such a flagrant as the *Incident from Scott's Anne of Geierstein* (179), is allowed to occupy a principal place (or indeed any place whatsoever) in the principal room? There are other transpositions as unjust, but one instance like the above will suffice to prove that it is not without serious and sufficient cause that we are taking the side of the "disaffected."

This said, let us address ourselves to the task of commenting on the attractions of the Great Room. Overlooking Mr. J. J. Chalon's *River Scene* (17), as unhappily not the only illustration on the above text which this R. A. exhibition affords, we come to Mr. Hart's great picture *The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter* (16), which, if we mistake not, closely resembles in design the fresco specimen at the Westminster Hall exhibition of last summer. The composition is simple; the two embracing mourners being framed by three halberdiers on the one side, on the other by a group of nobler ministers of justice. There is great sweetness in the countenances of both father and daughter; our epithet is strictly warrantable, since, perhaps, the head of the venerable martyr has too feminine a softness of expression, no less than too feminine a delicacy of complexion—far different, be it observed, from the paleness which comes of age and imprisonment. But with this super-tenderness, (if thus it must be styled) is combined so much truth and feeling, that the less critical general public will hardly complain of it. The colouring corresponds with the expression, being rather well distributed than sufficiently forcible for a life-size picture. Mr. Hart, we suspect, is more at home in cabinet pictures such as (46) "*Sinichitta Torah*,"—the *festival of the Law*, one of his synagogue interiors full of rich objects, and many a venerable figure in quaint costume. Two Italian scenes, *An Offering to the Virgin* (167), and an interior of *San Benedetto Subiaco* (197), exhibit the artist on Christian ground; they have all the picturesque grace of the South, but hardly the true southern warmth of colouring; such as is commanded by Mr. Eastlake, or Mr. Penny Williams, or Mr. Uwins:—see the last-mentioned artist's *Peasants on the Morning of the Festa of Più di Grotta* (92), among the richest of his pictures of like subjects, and which looks like one of *Improvisatore Andersen's* pages "struck on the canvas."

Returning to our first station, Mr. Lee's *Market Cart* (24) gives us occasion to remark that he is in

full force this year: though the first landscape by him we encounter is by no means his best—as we shall presently see. So, too, we shall leave Mr. D. Robert's *Karnak* (34) to be spoken of in a future notice, with Mr. Turner's two outrageous pictures of *Whalefishing* (50) and (77), and Mr. Stanfield's exquisite *Ancona* (65). The portraits, too, like the landscapes, must wait to be studied collectively,—unless it be one so importunate as a huge picture numbered 66, which fills the place usually occupied by *Royalty* or some scion of the blood royal,—a full length of a very tall gentlewoman, ten times as grand as any Queen, whose passion seems to be, like *Julia's* in 'The Hunchback,' for

—diamonds too!
Not buckles, rings and ear-rings only,—but
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!

Nor are the surroundings of this personage (who smiles on her finery with a condescending serenity) less gorgeous than their adornment. Lyons silk, Venetian mirrors and Florentine gilding are on the walls; under her feet a carpet of the most precious Gobelin wool. Fired with the sight of all this accumulated gorgeousness, the gazer may be excused, if, like the Munster melodist, he breaks out into such an apostrophe as,

Art thou Cleopatra, Diana, Bellona?

Well-a-day for his dreams! Here is but a *Mrs. Thwaytes* by Mr. Chalon. As a showy piece of handwork, however, the satin, point-lace, diamonds, and emeralds of the picture deserve praise.

The visitor must be willing to break his neck if he would admire a little conversation piece by Mr. Wingfield, called *Autumn* (75), in which there is something of Wouvermanns, but more of the artist's own,—not merely an assemblage of fantastically rich objects, not merely a diamond clearness of colour, which fetches its price be the subject treated ever so prosaic—but a mellowness of colour which is not only in harmony with the time of year announced, but in the best painter's harmony: and this, as all the cynical know, does not, of mathematical necessity, accord with Nature's. Here, again, is a noticeable instance of favouritism. While few things short of critical enterprise would have puzzled out so attractive a work, the visitor is mocked full-face by a so-called historical picture in Sir William Allan's *Peter the Great teaching his Subjects the art of Ship-building* (87)—a piece characterless, feeble, and unworthy of a place of distinction.

Next to it, and again disagreeably low, hangs a cabinet picture deserving a far better fate, the *Jacob's Dream* (88) of Miss Ellen Cole. It is true that the angelic choir revealed to the

dream-rapt youth, whose head was pillowed on a stone—may have been suggested by the Rembrandt in the Dulwich Gallery; moreover, his figure is somewhat too apostolic—that is, with too much experience and suffering, in the refined profile. Nevertheless, the work is honourable to the lady artist. But she is not an academeian, while Mr. Ward is,—whose *Ducks in Thunder* (153) we commend to the fair construction of all lovers of justice.

Mr. Etty seems this year to scatter himself in small contributions—bright as poppy leaves—over the walls of the Exhibition room, in place of concentrating himself on some picture worthy of his genius. His largest works are *Aurora and Zephyr* (12), and his *Interceding Cupid* (109), while his *Indian Alarmed* (97), and his *Study of a Boy's Head* (95) are a pair of bright fragments: both larger and less pictures being described in their titles to all who are familiar with Mr. Etty's manner of working. Two gems, of similar quality, a *Flower Girl* (185) and *A Native Offering* (186) brighten the opposite corner of the chamber, to say nothing of other contributions in places more remote. But will Mr. Etty never again put himself forth save in cabinet compass? We hardly ask for a companion to his 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' grand though that work was in many parts, poetical in all; but we would gladly have something more ambitious and fresher in subject than such sportings of the pencil and palette as these.

While we would fain encourage one of our most distinguished and individual artists to dare something of a bolder flight, we welcome back another with pleasure from heights at which he could not sustain himself, to the "rustical way," by following which

he first won himself a fame. This is Mr. Collins—who, in the days of our first admiration of his fresh, cheerful, hearty English genius, never put forth his powers to greater advantage than he has done this year. His *Undercliff* (126), for instance, is a beautiful, fresh landscape, original in its treatment:—with a bright sky and breezy sea, an atmosphere which it does one good to breathe,—and a foreground gay and rough with shore flowers, and merry with the noise of two peasant urchins, who are scrambling up the height, while a third is shouting for delight on the summit. Another admirable picture of the same family, but more closely resembling former works by Mr. Collins, is *Prawn-Fishing—Coast of Sussex* (246), where, with as little subject as well may be, a charming effect is produced by simplicity of treatment and clearness of colour. Then there is a third capital picture, yeelp *Fetching the Doctor* (200). What a black, bitter night it is! biting cold, the roads knee-deep in snow and mire!—a night of nights to make the inhabitants of such a cozy country village as the one at which the Mercury has arrived hug themselves in their warm beds, and turn over on the other ear, should some distant barking of dog or shrill piping of wind remind them that there is such a thing as a world without! The very boy, who has ridden hard, muffled to the chin in woollen defences of Winter—the very pony, urged into a foam, till he could well-nigh be mistaken for an *ignis fatuus*, so dense is the cloud of steam he throws out on every side,—are less to be pitied than the Gideon Gray of the district; an old man, lantern-jawed, and with shrunken shanks, who, it may clearly be seen by his weary face and indisposition to obey the call, has been afoot or on horseback the long bad day through, and now shivers to the bone with the sudden sting of the night-cold, and the hardly less pungent anticipation of an ill-paid ride through the dark! There is as intense an exposition of the story here as in one of Wilkie's pictures; but the Teniers touch and tone of Sir David's early works is wanting. Mr. Collins's hand lacks decision; did it keep pace with such humour as he here develops, his pictures might challenge any work of the Familiar school, ancient or modern.

We cannot, on reaching another gem of this year's Exhibition, refrain from welcoming Mr. Edwin Landseer back from the spaniels and parrots of the royal aviary, and the beavers and gloves of the princely wardrobe, to his own field—or rather a higher than he has heretofore reached. His small and solitary contribution (141) is modestly unnamed. Yet it is worth one hundred times more than many of his bolder and more flaunting compositions, be spreading more extensive canvases, before which visitors to the Royal Academy have been accustomed to linger. The praise we gave last week to Mr. Hunt's 'Romish Devotion' may be extended to Mr. E. Landseer's picture. The subject is a shepherd on his knees before a crucifix, in an open meadow, with his flock browsing or at rest around him; and across the plain, the *dorf* or *hameau*, from which all sounds of life (save it be the church-bell) can but come faintly, so distant is it. The exquisite Sabbath calmness of this work is beyond the power of words to convey,—save such, perchance, as Uhland utters in his 'Schafer's Sontag's lied.' It does not merely lie in the aspect of earth and air, but in the countenance and attitude of the worshipper:—on whom, also, (to come to more technical merits,) the eye is riveted by the management of colour employed in his drapery. Then, every accessory aids the sentiment of the picture; the briar with its roses trailing over the broken stone-work round the fountain at the feet of the crucifix; the butterfly skimming the surface of the water, unaffrighted by the near presence of a human being,—the very aspect of the sainted image, are one and all harmonious, without strain or artifice. Nor has Mr. E. Landseer ever put forth his marvellous command over surface and texture with greater felicity than in this picture: and the eye and mind will return to it again and again, when wearied with the tawdriness of the romantic school and the pedantically antique quietism of much calling itself Religious Art, whether at home or abroad.

Mr. Leslie contents himself with exhibiting a pair of pictures this year,—the one (149) a repetition, with, at best, very unimportant changes, of his well-remembered piece of humour from 'Les Femmes

Savantes;' the other a conversation-piece, entitled the *Heiress* (131). There is something of the insolence of conscious riches in the damsel's countenance, it is true, as she sits to receive the gossip or flattery brought in by the obsequious friend, while her secretary (obviously as much a lady as herself) plies meekly her trade of answering one epistle, as the page at the door brings in another; but beyond this, the picture has too little ascertainable story, and, taken in any other light than as a clever transcript of familiar objects, can hardly be rated as better than second class.

On this bright side of the room, too, hangs Mr. Mulready's one contribution,—that being, as we have said, merely a *Sketch* (145) of a rural subject—painted, the catalogue assures, in 1830, and warrantable, our eyes inform us, for 1930, at the least! There is a satisfactory promise of permanence in this painter's pictures, worth inquiring into by all who are startled at beholding the gems of modern art some score of years after they are finished, when encountered in some exhibition-room, ghastly—cracked—corroded—out of every resemblance to their former gaily-shining selves. We shall conclude for the present, by adverting to Mr. Eastlake's contribution—the design of his fresco—offering to that summer-house in Buckingham Palace Gardens, the paintings whereof have excited so much lively conversation among artists, amateurs and dilettanti in scandal. Though the accomplished painter refers us to the last lines of 'Comus,' as the portion of the Masque which his design illustrates, it contains little more, by way of subject, than a mortal maiden supported by her delivering angel, and waited on by attendant cherubim. It must, therefore, we apprehend, be numbered among allegorical and symbolical rather than romantic pictures; and, perhaps, the spiritual graces of Mr. Eastlake's style are more applicable to the former than to the latter class of works of art. The expression of the countenances is calmly seraphic. It has been urged that there is a needless monotony in the celestial children, in which respect the work has been likened to some of the formalities of Young Germany; and truth may lie between such a treatment as that of Rubens, who loved to enwreathe his cupids or cherubs as though they had been so many flowers, and this of Mr. Eastlake's, by whom they are presented in a quiet array, "breathless with adoration." But let those cavil that will: the work—though every line of it is imprinted with traces of Mr. Eastlake's peculiar manner, his choice of touch, and choice of colours—is pure and elegant; in its high art and in its high meaning meet ornament for the bower of a young Queen, more spiritual, though less imaginative than Mr. Etty's fresco (which, it is said, has strangely disappeared from its commissioned place).

Sculpture Gallery.

It is well for the prospects of this branch of the Fine Arts, in England, that our columns have had to record, during the past year, a substantial supplement to the sum of its doings, as represented here. If this Exhibition were the true and complete expression of the condition of Sculpture, amongst us, we might consider our hopeful vaticinations of many years as discredited; and fear, at length, that, in a school possessing so many of the material and technical qualities that help to build up the perfect sculptor, yet able to show nothing nobler than this, the *soul* of Art must be dead. Happily, there are exceptions, even here, which cannot, in a case like this, be said to have the logical effect of confirming the rule. They may testify, in their spiritual language, to the slumber which is all around them,—but they testify of the life which is themselves. The genius of British Sculpture may have habitually folded his wings, to consort with mere mortalities, instead of using them to bear him into the regions of fancy and of beauty; but here are things brought thence, which speak of an occasional flight, and prove that he yet wears the wings. While the School can produce only one such work as Baily's 'Nymph,' in this collection—one such consummate poem, to balance its inordinate quantity of craniology—it is a living school, and meant for immortality.

Nevertheless, as an Exhibition of National Sculptures, the present is the most discouraging that we have seen for many years;—a fact which has an expressive comment in the very different demonstration of the art now making in France. Under the powerful encouragement given to every department of

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the Fine Arts in that country, Sculpture has, by the universal report, appeared in unusual strength at the Louvre Exhibition of this year. But, as we have said, the "be all and end all" of the matter, amongst ourselves, is not represented within the walls of the National Gallery. We believe that Sculpture is passing away from the Academy—refusing the ungracious hospitality which sent it to the lower table, and determined to communicate with its patrons by worthier means. Some of the old familiar names are absent from the Catalogue; and of the crowd of new and promising sculptors who came before the public at Westminster Hall, but a small number are exhibitors here. The bust-shelves are full, to be sure; but then, the artist is not the principal exhibitor of these. Of the value of public patronage, as compared with that of individuals,—a question which has been often discussed,—an argument may be found in the modern history of Art amongst ourselves, as well as amongst our French neighbours. Sculpture, in the service of the national patron, will, at least, not be employed on mean and trivial objects, nor the sculptor degraded to the office of Gorgon. It is to the public that we look now for the advancement of the School: its private patrons are few, and, for the most part, unrefined. Their love of art is a form of their love for themselves;—their devotion to the natural type rejects the ideal. Judging by the produce exhibited in the Academy during the last ten years, there can be few families now without a marble head;—sculpture thrives by a poll-tax. And thus the art which should be employed in the production of perfect forms, works in an eternal circle of commonplaces, and, if no higher inspiration were provided for it elsewhere, would finally die of its models. Using the fine instrument of art to this perpetual hewing out of heads, is the true, practical "cutting blocks with razors"—the block cannot be made shapely, and the instrument is blunted by its work. The statistics of this year's Exhibition again show a large progressive encroachment on the region of the fanciful by the positive of Cocksage. The number of works of sculpture, of all kinds, is 147; and of them the busts alone are 94! To these, are to be added 6 medallion portraits, and 10 other works of which portraiture, in various forms, (one being the portraits of *three horses!*) is the object—making 110 portraits, of man and horse,—and leaving, of the grand total, just 37 works of fancy, of all descriptions, ranging from Baily's embodied Divinity, down as low as "a dead stag and dogs!" Four portraits, for every other work of sculpture—deducting only a single one from the number allowed for the "dead stag and dogs!" What is to be the end of an exercise like this,—which has neither aspiration for its object, beauty for its subject, nor aim for its reward; in which all the qualities that constitute the artist are dormant, save those of mere manipulation?—and even the clever sculptor should have no credit save what belongs to an eternal copyist who writes a fine hand. Can it be matter of surprise that the few works of a better order, which soar out of a level like this, should, even in their exceptional character, partake, for the most part, of the contracted spirit of the art—that loftiness of conception, tenderness of thought, poetry of feeling, and the sense of loveliness, should fail those sculptors, at their need, who are habitually working without them? With the lowering of the school, comes that of the taste which should measure it; and we are thankful for the least of these works which is not a bust. An obelisk looks tall upon the plain, when a pyramid would be lost among the mountains; and there are a few sculptures on the floor of the Academy, which merit a word of notice, notwithstanding the general inferiority of the Exhibition—but these we must defer till next week.

Architectural Drawings.

In the Fine Arts Family, Architecture is the "poor relation,"—tolerated rather than countenanced, and endured because it cannot well be shaken off. The honour of being acknowledged at all, is deemed honour enough: it must be submissive and humble. So fares it with Architecture at the Royal Academy; on which account we rather wonder that architects should not endeavour to shake off the yoke of academic royalty, and get up an annual exhibition of their own, apart from the painters,—one confined exclusively to architecture, but taking a much wider scope, and admitting

designs and models of ornamental work of every sort. That the body of the Academicians should postpone the interests of Architecture to those of Painting, and regard the first as of secondary importance, is not, however, surprising, certainly far less so than that the *Magnates of Architecture*—those who represent it in the Academy—should leave it to shift for itself. The architectural exhibitors cannot accuse the members of monopolizing all the best places for themselves, for this year they occupy none at all, not one of the four Architect Academicians having contributed a single drawing to the Exhibition, which would therefore be a positive blank as to Architecture were not works of that class supplied by non-members. Surely, this ought not to be: it does not look well; nor is it respectful or encouraging towards other professional men who exhibit, since it seems to imply that to do so is beneath the dignity of those in the profession who have attained the rank of Academicians. As those members are so few, all the more incumbent is it on them to contribute at least one drawing every year. At all events, the Professor of Architecture should be at his post; and indeed we rather reckoned upon seeing his design for the Branch Bank of England, at Manchester. Mr. Barry might have shown us the Gateway he has erected at Bowood for the Marquis of Lansdowne, which, as it is to be embellished with sculpture, is, we presume, an ornamental structure; and Mr. Hardwick might have found subjects for the Exhibition in the Hall and other apartments of the new building at Lincoln's Inn. We can easily imagine that those gentlemen are much better employed than in sitting down to make exhibition drawings; but such drawings, as is well known, are a labour which architects can and do delegate to others, and that, without passing off other persons' talent as their own, it being the design, and not the pictorial representation of it, which they in such cases claim the authorship of.

By showing such a strange reluctance to exhibit, the Academician-architects set an example which seems to be gaining ground, year by year, among those who consider themselves in the upper rank of the profession, and who appear to look upon exhibiting as *mauvais ton*. There are but few names of members of the Institute of British Architects in the catalogue,—fewer this year than usual, nor is it names alone that we miss—some of them we can spare with tolerable resignation, but we also miss talent that has hitherto frequently gratified us. Among the subjects which we expected to behold in the present Exhibition was one view, if not more, of the Hall and Staircase portion of the Conservative Club-house, for it could hardly have failed to prove an attractive one, even to those who scarcely deign to notice the Architectural Drawings. We thought it not improbable too that we might see, if not the one which is said to have been accepted, some of the designs for the alteration and enlargement of the Carlton Club-house; but we do not, unless—as just now occurs to us—No. 1244, 'Design for the Castle Club,' S. Beazley, be one. Till this moment we have been puzzling ourselves with guessing what new club could have sprung up under so strange a title as that of 'Castle.' But the Academy's Catalogue exhibits some curious blunders, and we thought that 1293 must be wrongly numbered, it being the strangest design for a 'Cottage,' we ever beheld, till considering again, we fancied 'College' must be meant. Another palpable misnomer, not so easily explained, is that of No. 1205, designated 'Street Architecture'; and again, the model No. 1300, described as a design for the 'Altar-piece of a Norman Church,' although the style—such as it is—is Italian, and the composition very theatrical:—perhaps for 'Norman' we should read 'Roman Catholic.'

Having disencumbered ourselves from general remarks and reflections, we now proceed more methodically to comment upon those designs which most challenge notice, either for their subjects, or for the manner in which they are treated. Nor have we to pass over many numbers before we arrive at something of that stamp, for the second—in catalogue order—of the architectural drawings, No. 1098, 'Design for the Milford Mausoleum,' T. M. Baynes, took us quite by surprise, it being the first intimation we have had of such a structure being contemplated at all, much less upon so extensive a scale. It is an edifice in the form of a Greek cross with its arms prolonged very unusually for a plan of the kind, and having a

cupola reared on a colonnaded tambour, over their intersection. The style is Greco-Italian, and each arm or transept is preceded by a testyle portico, but the drawing itself is so high, and the building shown at such distance from the foreground, that we can make out little more than the general mass and the features just mentioned. As to one material point we are left in uncertainty, it being by no means clear whether the words "proposed to be erected," refer to this particular design, or merely signify that a mausoleum is to be erected at Chipping Ongar conformably with the will of the late Mr. Milford, of the East India Company, whose executors have been instructed by the Court of Chancery to carry his intentions into effect. From both the plan and the size of the building it looks as if it were meant to be a public mausoleum for the reception of a series of monuments to be arranged in the four transepts, the purpose of which we cannot else understand. However, the appearance of the design at the Academy, will now probably elicit farther information in regard to what is certainly an extraordinary architectural project for one of a private nature.

No. 1100, 'Design for a Light-house and Telegraph Tower, for the New Birkenhead Docks, near Liverpool,' G. H. Wathen, is clever and appropriate, and we hope an earnest of the good taste likely to regulate the extensive improvements and building schemes now in progress at that place.—Although by different architects, Nos. 1104, 1150, 1235, and 1236, may be here grouped together, since they all belong to various architectural improvements and buildings now in progress in 'Kensington Palace Gardens,' on the property of J. M. Blashfield, Esq. The first of them, by Messrs. Wyatt and Brandon, shows the North entrance, a handsome and tasteful arrangement of what consists of little more than iron gates and piers. More questionable in taste, though certainly very much more striking and singular, is the next, No. 1150, the Garden-front of the mansion now erecting by Mr. Blashfield, from the designs of Messrs. Finden and Lewis. Without referring to the Catalogue, no one would for a moment imagine that this was seriously intended for execution, but would take it to be one of those extravagant projects in which architects are apt to indulge; still less would it be supposed that so lofty a mass in so massive—not to say ponderous—a style was meant for suburban or villa residence—or rather four residences of the kind combined together in such manner that there are two entrances at each end, whereby the garden-front has the appearance of being the façade, and one upon a very much larger scale than the Reform Club-house. Hardly possible is it to conceive anything more opposed to current notions of villa-architecture. Even the Mansion House, before it was curtailed of its original proportions by the upper story being lopped off from it, was not much heavier nor greatly more *outré* than this piece of architecture, which, could it be transferred to the City, would there seem more in its proper element. With not a particle of villa prettiness about it—in which respect, however, it resembles many of the genuine Italian villas, which look only like large town houses that have walked into the country—it has much the physiognomy of some of the more stately than beautiful Roman palazzi. The lower part of the elevation consists of two orders, Doric and Corinthian, each of which forms an open loggia, divided into five compartments, the first by columns and pilasters grouped together, the other with arches upon smaller columns between the larger ones, after the manner of Venetian windows; to this succeeds a story with smaller arches springing from columns within which are set the windows, whose number is here increased to ten, and over these is a series of small mezzanine windows, forming a sort of frieze beneath the cornice. Thus, while the lower part of the structure looks, though rather heavy in itself, too light and open for the general mass, the upper part looks too much squeezed up, owing to the windows being put so closely together. When we see the building itself, we shall be able to speak more confidently of it, and shall then find out what is meant by a reddish hue being given to the whole of it. Nor would it greatly surprise us were we then to discover that the structure itself is not quite the enormous mass which it appears in the drawing. Let it turn out what it may, it is a symptom, among others,

of a decided movement in architectural taste; and although such movement may be rather in an oblique than forward direction, still it is better than falling asleep over the decencies of unexceptionable tameness. No. 1235, 'The Garden Front of Villa No. 3,' has so little remarkable in it, that we advert to it only as being one of those erected on the same estate; but there is another design by Mr. Owen Jones, of which we shall have occasion to speak in more complimentary tone. We, therefore, pass on to the very next number—the last of our Kensington quartetto—'The Arch of Peace and Plenty, designed for the north end of the broad walk of Kensington Gardens, in continuation of the improvements in the neighbourhood,' W. A. Papworth. Here we have not only "plenty," but exuberance even to extravagance—to such degree as to convince us, that the design was made without the slightest expectation of its being carried into effect. It is impure in style but picturesque, fantastical in composition but clever; with many strange caprices, it also presents several good ideas—and one of them is that of making the places for the sentinels ornamental features in the architecture itself, instead of such ugly and paltry wooden sentry-boxes as we see stuck up by the marble arch of a palace, though almost beneath the dignity of a Pauper Union.

We mention No. 1110 chiefly as being the first we come to among the designs for the Choristers' School at Magdalen College, Oxford, for in itself it will bear no comparison with either 1220 or 1256. Had we not seen some of the drawings produced for that competition, we certainly should have been disappointed; but we least of all expected to be favoured with a sight of the successful design (1220, J. M. Derick), after the reports circulated that Mr. D., who is an Oxford man, had been unfairly favoured by the Committee. The design itself removes all complaint, if not on the part of the competitors, on that of the public, since it fully vindicates the taste, if not the integrity, of the Committee who made choice of it. Admirable as it is as a drawing, it is by no means a prominent one in the room: it is anything but conspicuous either for its size or situation, or indeed for any quality that catches the eye: and this it is which silences our self-reproaches for having actually overlooked it when first reconnoitring the architectural subjects. It is a drawing much fitter for a cabinet than an exhibition-room, where it is lost amid the flutter and glare of a crowd of things—some of them so extravagantly coloured that they put the more modest ones out of countenance. The design itself is no less meritorious than the perspective representation of it is charming: it shows a happy intelligence of, and feeling for, the constitution, character and spirit of the collegiate architecture of the fifteenth century. There is nothing whatever to betray either the modern mind or the modern hand; it is both conceived and worked out not so much with scrupulousness as with spontaneous, and therefore felicitous, fidelity to the style followed, without affectation; while at the same time it is scarcely at all indebted for effect to decoration. Instead of the commonplace finery and ornament with which our modern Gothic designers are apt to trick out their buildings, till they look like paltry Brummagem counterfeits, this design is remarkable for its sobriety—a quality, by the bye, quite the reverse of that insipidity, meagreness, and meanness which we so frequently hear commended as simplicity. We very much question if even Mr. Barry himself would have treated the same subject so well, certainly not with equal *nécessité*. From him we should have had a structure regular in plan, and uniform in elevation,—more refined perhaps in regard to the elegancies of design, yet lacking the undefinable and ingenious charm which stamps this of Mr. Derick's. Both Pugin and Allom were competitors for the same building, but neither have sent their designs to the Exhibition. In fact, the author of the redoubtable 'Contrasts' never exhibits, fearful perhaps lest he should be as unceremoniously treated by critics as he has treated his professional brethren. Lamb's (1256) is the only other design for the 'Choristers' School,' and it is not a little in its praise when we say that it does not disappoint on being looked at after Derick's, notwithstanding that it is shown to less advantage, being merely a sepia drawing, without any of those additional pictorial allurements which are apt to beguile even those who are

on their guard against them. Had both drawings been executed precisely alike—either one way or the other—this design would probably have found as many, if not more, admirers than the other, for it seems to express its purpose more clearly, and to be better suited for a piece of street or town architecture. It forms a compact but picturesquely broken mass, with a small, open, cloistered fore-court, between two wings, or rather compartments of the front, in one of which is placed the master's residence, in the other the hall or school. It certainly is an excellent specimen of collegiate architecture, and would have been an ornament even to Oxford.

THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ., R.A.

Your readers were greatly obliged by your notice of the 26th ult., of that distinguished painter, Thomas Phillips. The records of genius are, at all times, faithfully transmitted in your columns, and their peculiar merits and services to society are fully illustrated by your zealous and enlightened pen. But while you do honour to the Fine Arts by suggesting their more brilliant and speculative advantages, you will, I am sure, be gladly reminded of that virtuous tendency which arises from the study and practice of them; and while you celebrated Thomas Phillips as a distinguished artist, you will accept this more practical and no less edifying notice of him as an excellent man. When the imaginative faculties are balanced by moral qualities, and talents are united to active benevolence, their value to society is conclusively demonstrated, and the sentiment of the poet is explained:—

—Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

This use was never more largely fulfilled than by Phillips, for so soon as his own walk of life was elected, and the full exercise of his talents engaged, and his merit had been acknowledged by the body of Fine Arts in this country, he devoted his affection and much of his valuable time to the protection and permanent benefit of the class to which he belonged; by the establishment of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, in co-operation with the late Sir F. Chantrey, Mr. Turner, Mr. Robertson, and others. This Institution was established in 1814, and his last anxieties for its success were expressed on the 19th ult., the anniversary of its meeting, and the very day on which he expired.

The Artists' General Benevolent Institution arose out of the Artists' Benevolent Fund in this manner: the latter was established in 1809, and was embraced by most of the profession, but an accident showed its insufficiency to meet the public wants. The widow of the celebrated Woollet applied for relief, but such a case was not provided for by the laws; its benevolence being limited to widows or orphans of members of the society. Upon this occasion, a large secession took place, with a view to establish an institution upon a more enlarged principle; and Phillips, Turner, Chantrey, Robertson, and others, planned the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, by which all artists, subscribers or otherwise, whose works had been known and admired by the public, their widows and orphans, were to be relieved.

For some time the support of so wide a benevolence was deemed problematical, but the warm, active and persevering patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, who for several years presided alternately at its annual dinner, pleading its cause, overcame every difficulty—the public followed their example, and subscriptions have since been received to the average amount of 400*l.* per annum. Finally her present Majesty has lately extended her patronage to this society; a charter has now been obtained securing the fund for ever, so that including annual subscriptions and donations, the Institution is enabled to distribute nearly 800*l.* annually amongst the unfortunate in art, their widows and orphans.

The President of the Royal Academy has always been placed at the head of the Institution, and directed its councils, so far as his time and arduous engagements elsewhere have permitted; and the subscription list will show how liberally the members of that body have supported it—but Phillips had

from the first devoted his personal and special superintendence with a truly parental solicitude, and by his example, and under his prudent counsel and direction, it was brought to its present state of prosperity and favour with the public.

I am quite sure, Mr. Editor, that you will readily accept this notice, and agree with me, that however dazzling the achievements of talent, such works as these fully justify our respect for the Profession of the Fine Arts. Yours, &c. C. R. C.

The long, zealous, and disinterested services of Mr. Phillips, and of our Correspondent, in favour of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, are well known to us, and we concur in all here said in favour of that excellent Institution, which we recommend to the patronage and support of the lovers of Art, and of the affluent generally. But to the artists themselves, we say, Charity is a poor crutch to lean on; secure, therefore, your own independence—guard against the casualties of life, by subscribing to the Artists' Fund, which insures to you as of right, relief in case of sickness or old age, and through the agency of the Benevolent Fund, an annuity to your widow or children, should it be required. For such relief, you are no man's debtor. This is the morality we would inculcate: without which, there can be no independence. But, wise provision thus made, let every artist give according to his means to the General Benevolent Fund.

At Messrs. Christie & Manson's was sold, last Saturday, a Collection of some extrinsic importance. Let us state its general contents and character as proclaimed by the Catalogue itself,—drawn up, be it remembered, under the yet living Collector's own eye, and, as avouched by his own MS. notes, read from the auctioneer's pulpit, to enhance the estimation of each superlative article. "The valuable collection of works of old masters, formed during a long series of years on the Continent and in the country, and selected under favourable circumstances from different celebrated galleries, chiefly during a residence of several years in Italy, by SIR GEORGE HAYTER, *Principal Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty, &c. &c.*, who is quitting his residence in London for the Continent. It will be found to include the celebrated subject of Correggio, 'L'Homme Sensuel,' the finished picture from the *Guazzo* in the Louvre, and companion to that unfinished in the Palazzo Pamfili Doria, at Rome; two magnificent specimens by Rembrandt, one of them the 'Portrait of Schrevelerius,' the translator of Homer; also, capital specimens of the following great Masters: *Raffaello, Perugino, Parmegiano, Schedone, Baroccio, Vandyck, Velasquez, L. Carracci, An. Carracci, Ag. Carracci, Guido, Jordaens, G. Poussin, Guercino, Titian, Tintoretto, P. Veronese, Salvator Rosa*; and a portrait of Ralph Sheldon, Esq. &c. by Sir Joshua Reynolds." What will our readers say, when they learn that this "valuable" collection, made by the Crown Painter, under "favourable" circumstances, with such diligence and research, after a long series of years and travels, on the Continent and in the country, [about *Gotham*, we suppose.] was little better than a room-full of pictorial rubbish? So far from a Raffael, a Correggio, a Parmegiano, a Titian a Perugino, or work of any other first-rate master, it did not contain even a "capital specimen" of any inferior one, nor yet a good copy of either! It did comprise some "bits" of colour and effect, which might be useful to an artist, but were poor atelier-furniture for the Sovereign of Great Britain's Principal Painter in Ordinary, though suitable enough, perhaps, for Sir George Hayter's requirements. Patronage has fallen low indeed, when a ladies' drawing-master—a neat hand at a miniature, to say the most—is the court-appointed successor of a Reynolds, a Lawrence, and a Wilkie! That we have not underrated his pretensions as a connoisseur and collector, a single fact will prove—only three articles in the whole list obtained more than a hundred guineas each, and the highest-priced among these (Rembrandt's Schrevelerius, so-called) brought no more than two hundred and fifty. Albeit the proprietor was, by means of his MS. notes, both praiser and appraiser (perhaps to relieve the auctioneer's conscience,) his interminable encomiums upon the "celebrated" Correggio, which they pronounced worth three thousand pounds, could extract but one

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hundred and fifty, after much delay and dubitation. It is almost superfluous for us to pronounce it a miserable daub and palpable imposture—her Majesty's Principal Painter in Ordinary would produce a far better, though there be little "Correggiosity" about his performances. The above-said notes were indeed of a kind to draw severe comments upon themselves—their fulsome and erroneous and discreditable picture-mongering purpose to cry up scarce-vendible commodities, well merited the satirical whispers of the judicious few, accompanied by the still more expressive—

Annotations of grimaces
And sly remarks of leering faces.

Their author should have been content with the means his pencil afforded him to put forth ineptitudes. We never held the criticism of Artists infallible, but quite the reverse, and it confirms our opinion when we find such preposterous mistakes, practical and theoretical, committed in Sir G. Hayter's selection and laudation of these pictures. One other point remains for an animadversion: a huge thing baptized 'St. Christopher,' by *Anibal Carracci*, went at the appropriate low price of 52 guineas; yet was this vulgar and flagrant counterfeit exhibited some years since (1841), among the Ancient Masters,—the mighty men of old, men of renown! Thus it is that the Pall-Pall Committee of Taste provide pictorial delicacies wherewith to refine and elevate the Public gusto! Let us add a pennyworth of sugar to all the wormwood here administered.—Sir G. Hayter's little fac-simile of Paul Veronese's famous 'Alexander and Darius's Family,' produced 35 guineas—and deserved double; it was the veritable gem of his collection.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THE ONLY GREAT CHORAL MEETING of the Upper Singing Schools instructed on Wilhem's Method, as published under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education, will be held at EXETER HALL on WEDNESDAY, June 4th, at Eight o'clock, under the direction of MR. JOHN HULLAH. Tickets to the Reserved Seats on Platform, 10s. 6d.; to the Reserved Seats on Upper Platform, 7s., and to Reserved Seats in Western Gallery, 5s., to be had only of Mr. Parker, Publisher, 445, West Strand.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sir Henry Bishop's indisposition, which prevented his conducting the third concert, meant (as we suspected) his resignation; and the Directors, driven by desperation into wisdom, when all but too late, have invited M. Moscheles to conduct the five last concerts of the present season. It would be superfluous in us to descant on this appointment, as calculated to satisfy musician and amateur: we trust, however, that it will be allowed to produce the beneficial results which may be expected, if the committee respect their conductor as something more integral than a metronome, while they support him in maintaining his authority over the band. Madame Dulcken and Sig. Sivori, we believe, are to play, and Herr Pischek and Mademoiselle Bertucat to sing, at the next concert.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—*Her Majesty's Theatre*.—It must be obvious that during the recent opera concerts, given to introduce 'Le Desert' of M. David, Signor Costa has thrown down the glove to such as, like ourselves, [vide *Athen*. No. 890.] questioned his powers to conduct the music of the great German classical writers. We take it up in all courtesy, with no idle purpose to depreciate one of the most sterling and accomplished musicians of Europe, but believing that the discussion of the question will serve the best interests of Art. Still less is it from an obstinate adherence to preconceived opinions, that we state that Signor Costa's reading of Beethoven's *Pastorale* on Monday morning justifies, to the fullest, our tone of doubt. Nothing can exceed the discipline in which he has the orchestra; every light and shade, apparently, responding to his call with a certainty unprecedented in England. Owing to this, in the 'Rivulet' movement the middle parts came out with a soft clearness enchanting to the ear. Then, though not placid enough for our sympathies, Signor Costa comes far nearer the true tempo than eight-ninths of Philharmonic conductors. To what, then, do we object? To the entire medium through which this German music is presented to us. That which is indispensable to languid Italian or piquant French compositions, tends towards affectation and restlessness,—not true expression or spirit,—in

compositions so far richer in harmony and ideas as the works of the symphonists. There is excess in some points, meagreness in others,—a disposition to exaggerate every passing swell of tone into an emphasis, which destroys flow,—to make that which should be smooth *staccato*, and that which should be merely decided, dashing,—to strain every phrase of sentiment into a moan or a yawn, accompanied by a counterbalancing indifference to all melodic forms, to which no such processes can be applied. Thus, the first and last movements of the *Pastorale* fell cold on the ear. 'The Storm,' strange to say, was taken a trifle too slow, and thus sounded pedantic rather than impulsive. On the whole, finished, accurate, and sensitive as was the performance, the train of speculations was revived by it, which was first originated by our hearing the performances of the Paris *Conservatoire* shortly after those of the Leipzig concerts under Dr. Mendelssohn. A conductor of German music can only be satisfactory, so far as he is able to *Germanize* himself; and this neither Sig. Costa nor M. Habeneck seems able to do. We have better hopes of the former, however; because, besides being the younger man, he studies deeply, and, what is even more to the purpose, variously.

Beethoven Quartett Society.—The second concert of the *Beethoven Quartett Society* was held on Monday evening, at which No. 3 of the composer's Op. 18, and his Posthumous Quartett in c sharp minor, led by M. Vieuxtemps, and No. 1 of his Razumouffsky set, led by M. Sainton, were performed. Of the latter gentleman as a *violin primo* we have elsewhere spoken; of the former, as a player of chamber music, it would be impossible to speak in too high terms. All the breadth, grandeur, and passion which German music requires—all the mechanical proficiency which Beethoven taxes so severely, are to be found in the quartett playing of M. Vieuxtemps, which came to us most opportunely on Monday evening, to prove to us that our feelings on Monday morning, as above expressed, were not fancies, but based on reason. The Posthumous Quartett was as clear to us as one of Haydn's earlier works; thanks, in part, to its leader's excellent phrasing, truthful yet unexaggerated expression, and the obvious care which had been bestowed on its rehearsal. But, indeed, in itself the composition is not the mystery it has been long esteemed. A word or two may explain this to those perplexed by the multitudinous changes of time, subject, and style which it seems to contain. In place of the brief *adagio*, which from time immemorial has been allowed to prepare the ear for the first *allegro*, we have a somewhat long-drawn out separate introduction; then comes the one essential freak of the composition, the change of key in the § movement, which is shorter and less elaborate than a principal *allegro* is wont to be. Next, after a very few bars of *intermezzo* (in which, by the way, we have a device since perpetually adopted by Dr. Mendelssohn, in the arrangement of his compositions,) comes an air with variations. In these the master treats the theme in every possible form, not merely as an embroiderer, but as a changer; with no greater eccentricity, however, than the student finds in his well-known pianoforte theme in F major. Were the proper title, indeed, given to the movement, one-half of the mystery thereof would disappear. Next comes the *scherzo*, full of "guips and cranks and wanton wiles":—lastly, a magnificent *finale*, like the *andante*, preluded by a few bars of introduction. Though the casual listener, prepared by report for something hardly intelligible, may fail, on a first hearing, clearly to make out the above design,—we cannot but think that some such slight statement as ours would untie the knots, and leave no further mystery to be developed, save such as belongs to every new composition, where science is brought to bear on original invention. To us, at least, that which has been pointed out to be dim as "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," is clearly unridled. We must lastly say, that few entertainments so good in principle have been carried out with such high artistic completeness, and attention to social comfort, as the meetings of this *Beethoven Quartett Society*.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.—The business of the benefit season may be said to have commenced last week, with Mrs. Alfred Shaw's concert. Yesterday week a large number of the sisterhood were heard to great

advantage, in every sense of the word, in aid of that honourable institution, *The Society of Female Musicians*. This stated, and having said that the programme, for a miscellaneous concert, was good, we can but mention those least familiar to the public. We must particularize Miss Sabilla Novello's singing of 'Bell' raggio, which air was graced by her with several new and effective ornaments; nor can we forbear mentioning our good hopes of a tenor in Mr. Lockey, since, though he merely took part in Weber's spirited 'Over the dark blue Waters,' this was taken so well as to justify anticipation.

The programme of Mr. Mangold's concert, on Monday last, was of a substantial character—the Pianoforte Quintetts (with accompaniment of wind instruments) by Spohr and Beethoven, the grand Trio of Hummel, and Weber's Duo for piano and clarinet. Four such pieces, each, be it remembered, of the extent and calibre of a symphony, are more than the most enthusiastic lover of instrumental music (being merely a listener) can digest at a sitting. The chief feature of interest was the appearance of Herr Oberhofer, principal vocalist (according to the programme) to the Duke of Baden. This gentleman has a fine baritone, of great volume and roundness of tone. Of his capabilities it is impossible to judge from the two unimportant songs which he had selected; but, as far as his performance of these warrant us, we may state that his intonation is faultless, his shake close and finished, and his style altogether gives evidence (or we are greatly mistaken) of Italian training. The other singers were Miss Sara Flower and Miss Messent.

Madame Caradori Allan's concert was the first of what may be called the Opera Concerts, and, as usual, one of the best. Our opinion of the *bénéficiaire*, and of most of the singers, has been again and again recorded; but we must single out Mdlle. Brambilla's singing of her aria from Ricci's 'Corrado,' as the finest specimen of dignified style and consummate vocal finish we have had since Pasta disappeared. Further we must chronicle (to coin an epithet in the German fashion) a *long-in-compass* cadence, by Madame Castellan, in her *scena*, by Nini, which displayed the extent of her voice most advantageously:—though we listened for the words of her song in vain. But the freshest and most taking thing of the morning's performance, was a Rhine-song, by Herr Pischek, the newly arrived baritone, whose superb voice, enthusiasm, and excellent musical feeling may make Herr Staudigl look to his laurels. A more glowing genial strain, full of the poetry of one of the most poetical districts of Europe, is not in our recollection; and the saying, if not the singing of it must have commanded an *encore* from even a colder audience than usually assembles at a morning concert. M. Vieuxtemps gave us a *fantasia* on themes from 'Norma,' on the fourth string, with wonderful facility and execution. We, however, prefer the violin charged with its full complement of catgut. Subsequently, M. de Meyer performed a *notturno*, with a superabundance of snuff-box trills, and the 'Marche Marocaine,' which has excited so lively a sensation in Paris, that M. Berlioz has scored it. As a piece of chord-playing it is wonderful—monstrous, however, rather than agreeable; since, enormous as is the power of M. de Meyer's fingers, and certain his command over the handfulls of notes he pours out in reiterated profusion, there is still wanting something more—a mind—lacking which, the best pianist would be the best machine finished by Professor Babbage. We are somewhat weary of these wonders.

On Wednesday evening the concert of Miss Hawes was held. Here again we are relieved of the necessity of criticizing the lady, by our former frequent mention of her. Her audience was numerous, and her assistants various. Her own sacred song, accompanied by Sig. Regondi on the *concertina* (we presume for the organ), was too serious, we thought, for a miscellaneous concert. Among many other specialities, we must notice Signora Lorenzina Mayer's flute solo on airs from 'L'Ambasciadrice.' The exhibition was more grotesque than musically interesting. Miss Birch was much applauded in the grand cavatina from 'Erani,' which bids fair to become a favourite concert song of the season, unless Madame Dorus-Gras brings us some nonpareil of a *bravura* from 'La Barcarolle,' or Madame Thillon is

fitted by Balfe, in the 'Enchantress,' as happily as was poor Malibran in his 'Maid of Artois.'

At *Madame Puzzi's Concert*, yesterday morning, we had (as at *Madame Caradori Allan's* entertainment) the principal Italians, including Madame Rita Boro, who is hardly equal to the enchantments demanded from a concert artist, though on the stage she is passionate and pains-taking. Besides these Miss Birch appeared. Madame Meerti Blaes, too, sung charmingly, with her husband's clarinet accompaniment; and Sig. Puzzi performed wonders in executing one of Corelli's *solos*, done into *horn work*, of prodigious difficulty. The other instrumentalists were M. St. Leon and M. de Meyer.

MISCELLANEA

Lord Rosse's Telescope.—In an account of Lord Rosse's "Leviathan" Telescope, lately published by Sir James South, there occurs *inter alia* the following remarks:—

"A star of the 7th magnitude was some minutes of a degree distant from the moon's dark limb; this star, instead of disappearing the moment the moon's edge came in contact with it, apparently glided on the moon's dark surface, as if it had been seen through a transparent moon, or as if the star were between me and the moon. It remained on the moon's disk nearly 2' of time, and then instantly disappeared. The cause of this phenomenon is involved in impenetrable mystery."

Permit me to make an attempt to solve the difficulty. Two modes occur to me of explaining it:—1st. From the unimpaird light of stars while approaching the body of the moon, and their instantaneous disappearance on coming in contact, the absence of a lunar atmosphere has been inferred; but may not the phenomenon in question be caused by some remains of that envelope, still investing the ruined satellite sufficient to cause a refraction of the light of the star so as to project it on the face of the moon and retain it there for an instant after the star itself has set behind the moon.—2nd. The other and perhaps the more satisfactory explanation is, that that portion of the stream of light proceeding from the star which has passed the moon towards the observer, ere she has intercepted the rest, continues to flow into the eye for a moment after the star itself has gone behind the moon, and as this amputated portion bears with it the star's image, and continues it in the eye, at least till its last drop has impinged on the retina, while the body of the moon has in the meantime glided eastward a little beyond the line of the ray, the illusion of the star's appearing between the moon and the observer must be complete. According to the usual computation of the velocity of light, it would not take above one second to traverse the sublunary distance, but it is well known that the impression on the retina is not off instantaneously, so that there would be "nearly 2'" during which the phenomenon would appear. Further, there still remains a means of determining whether either, and, if either, which of the above hypotheses, be the true account of the matter.—If the phenomenon be caused by refraction, then it will be repeated, or rather reversed at the re-appearance of the star on the western limb, for upon this principle it must there again be in the same manner and for the same time projected upon the moon's face, while it will be a shorter time (shorter exactly the time taken up with these exhibitions,) traversing the back of the moon than it otherwise ought to be, just as the sun appears to perform that part of his daily journey, which lies below the horizon, in a shorter time than the upper half. Again if the relative motions of light and the moon be the cause, the star will be a moment or two longer than it should be in again making its appearance; and what is remarkable, it will not emerge directly at the moon's western edge, but as far from it as it formerly appeared to intrude upon the eastern. Should this be ascertained by observation to be the case, the fact will afford another interesting proof of the progressive nature of light and its remarkable consequences. One of the other facts alluded to as mysterious subjects by Sir James, in the account referred to is, the circumstance of Jupiter's satellites, while crossing the disk of their primary, occasionally exhibiting various degrees of light, from the black to the white. Now it appears to me that this can arise

from no other cause, than these satellites having a rotatory motion on their own axis, quite independent of the primary, and thus presenting different sides to us in passing over their primary's face; and if Jupiter's satellites have this advantage, may we not reasonably infer, that all other satellites had it originally too?—for otherwise one hemisphere of each would lose the use of its primary as a moon or reflector. Our own moon wants it, indeed, but this is only one of many proofs of her present ruined condition; the natural consequences of that convulsion, which seems to have shattered her framework, and left her to be moulded into the egg-shape by the powerful attraction of her primary, by which her original rotatory motion would soon be stopped. M.

The Podimechan, a carriage moved simply by propulsion with the driver's feet, is now exhibiting at the Cosmorama in Regent-street. Upon a railroad, its speed would perhaps nearly equal the ordinary train; but to the general purposes of travel, subject to the difficulties and inequalities of surface, it is obviously not suited.

Death of an Obscure Impostor.—"And is Young Double dead?" We have to announce the demise of *Young England*! Yes the pet of Burlington Street is gone the way of all waste paper! With ourselves this questionable calamity has caused no surprise—and we have hardness enough of heart to confess it,—very little regret. And for this reason: the thing was a shabby thing from the first. Its promised birth was announced shabbily, suspiciously. At least half-a-dozen advertisements—all at five shillings each—declared to the world that a new power was about to be born, which, like a new St. George, would put down humbug and pretence of every kind, and regenerate fallen England,—that is, if geniuses would answer to the call, and, like the fairies of old, give each a peculiar grace or faculty to the coming babe. And nobody answered! And the child was born—poor, little puling thing!—and christened, at the instand of New Burlington Street, *Young England*! And then it was sought to put off the bantling upon various members of the family of that name. But BEN D'ISRAELI publicly declared that it was no child of his; MR. SYMIE loftily pooh-pooh'd it; LORD MANNERS blandly told the impostor to go to the cheesemonger. And thus, disowned by all, *Young England* puled and squealed on for a few weeks, and is at length no more! Some declare that the proximate cause of its death was inanition; and some gin-and-water on the brain. On this we venture no opinion: but simply inform the world that *Young England*, a weakly newspaper, has gone to the tomb of all the Humbugs! We understand that MR. BENTLEY, touched with peculiar sympathy for the loss, intends to erect a monument to the memory of the thing in the new literary cemetery, which—as we stated in a former number—is about to be established. MR. BENTLEY has, with excellent taste, selected the following epitaph for the blighted flower:—

"If so soon that I was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Punch.

The Fesch Gallery.—A letter from Rome, published in *Galignani's Messenger*, gives the following prices of some of the more important pictures. "The manner," says the writer, "in which the sale is conducted gives universal dissatisfaction. Notwithstanding the positive assurance that it was to continue without interruption, every week there are two or three days' interruption; in fact, we do not know when it will end. Yesterday we reached the sixteenth day's sale.—A Hobbima, a grand landscape, fetched 44,520*fr.*, bought by the Marquis of Hertford; Berghem, a winter scene, 6,399*fr.*, Harrington; N. Poussin, the 'Dance of the Seasons,' 33,223*fr.*, Marquis of Hertford; N. Poussin, the 'Riposo,' 9,460*fr.*, George; Cuyp, a river scene, 9,460*fr.*, George; J. Weenix, a game piece (fine), 10,295*fr.*, George; a pair by Snyders, hunts, 7,067*fr.*, Williams; B. Luini, the 'Holy Family' (a very fine), 22,371*fr.*, Claret; J. Steen, the 'Siesta' (a little gem), 11,185*fr.*, Claret; Backhuysen, a squall, 5,898*fr.*, Tarral; A. Vandyck, 'Virgin and Child' (very elegant), 7,791*fr.*, Artaria; Giulio Romano, 'Holy Family,' 6,789*fr.*, Prince of Canino; Greuse, 'Le Miroir Cassé,' 18,698*fr.*, Marquis of Hertford; Backhuysen, a grand marine

(ships of war), 10,517*fr.*, Walsh; Albano, a pair of landscapes, with 'Holy Family,' 12,298*fr.*, George; Rembrandt, a pair of fine portraits (Lipsius and his wife), 24,792*fr.*, Blaine and Harrington; Ruydael, a pair of waterfalls (excellent pictures), 11,630*fr.*, Harrington; Metsu, 'Crucifixion,' 5,843*fr.*, Duke of Bracciano; Andrea Mantegna, 'Christ's Agony' (fine), 6,844*fr.*, Artaria; Le Sueur, 'Martha and Mary,' 15,359*fr.*, Passavant; Beato Angelico, of Fiesole, 'Last Judgment,' 17,808*fr.*, Prince of Canino; G. Terburgh, a conversational scene (fine), 15,888*fr.*, Detuit; K. Dujardin, 'Le Charlatan' (fine), 16,165*fr.*, Zami; Giorgione, the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' 9,794*fr.*, Tarral; P. Wouvermans, the 'Return from the Chase' (very elegant), 68,727*fr.*, Kolb, Wurtemberg Consul; Claude, seaport, with sunrise (a gem), 28,103*fr.*, Artaria, for England. These prices include the 5 per cent. for expenses of sale. I have only enumerated the pictures sold above 1,000 *scudi* (5,300*fr.*); the others sold at insignificant prices; in fact, only the last pictures obtain high prices."

York Minster.—An effect has been produced by the new peal of bells which was no more anticipated than that of the whispering gallery of St. Paul's; being of a material of ringing hardness, in windy weather they send forth a sound which at night is heard over the city, of course particularly in the direction of the wind, and which is dreary in the extreme, and to those residing in the vicinity of the Minster-yard must be far from enlivening; the melancholy unmusical wall seems to proceed from some imprisoned ghost—the spirit of the departed chimes perhaps, and who, as the storm drives more furiously through the bars of his cage raises his voice to a howl which is heard above it. With a view to obviate this, a piece of stout quartering has been fixed upright in the middle of each opening, notched so as to halve the inner bearing of the louvers, since which the ghostly music has been less loud and less frequent, although not altogether put down.—*The Builder.*

Prison Discipline.—According to a letter from Copenhagen, dated the 15th ult., the King of Denmark has appointed Professor and Senator David and M. Fras, architect, both members of the committee for the improvement of prisons, to make a tour through France, Belgium, and England to study the constructions and systems of management of the different places of confinement in those countries.

Garde Nationale en Citadine.—The Council of Discipline of the Second Legion of the National Guard of Paris had on Tuesday to decide upon the following charge against a distinguished advocate and worthy citizen soldier. About a fortnight ago M. Charles Ledru was one of the guard on duty at the Tuilleries. After having passed the whole day and part of the night in the arduous labours of his profession, he was at four in the morning posted as one of the sentinels at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle, where he was to remain until six. He was overtaken with an invincible drowsiness, and seeing at a short distance an old chiffonnier, the sentry called him, and, promising him a fee, sent him for a citadine. The vehicle being brought, and drawn up close to the spot, the soldier-lawyer immediately converted it into a sentry-box, got into it, placed his musket at his side, and, as the night was cold, made a nightcap of his fur bonnet, and, drawing up the blinds, was soon sound asleep. A patrol came up. No challenge was heard—no sentry was to be found. After looking about for some time without finding his man, the corporal desecrated the citadine, and learned how it was occupied from the driver. It required many loud knocks at the door before the dormant fare could be roused. The corporal, finding the irresistible influence under which his sentinel was labouring, kindly permitted him to retire home to his bed, but could not do otherwise than act in obedience to the rules of military discipline, and report the occurrence to his commanding officer. On being brought before the council, M. Charles Ledru so well pleaded his cause, that the punishment imposed by the articles of the National Guard code was commuted into only one day's imprisonment instead of two. Hitherto there have been but two species of National Guards in France—the 'Garde Nationale à pied,' and the 'Garde Nationale à cheval,'—but M. Charles Ledru has invented a third, to be called the "Garde Nationale en Citadine."—*Galignani.*

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